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S E L E C T
L E S S O N S
I N

PROSE and VERSE,

F R O M

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

DESIGNED FOR THE

Improvement of *Y O U T H*.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Few ORIGINAL PIECES.

By *J. N. K*

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

With A D D I T I O N S.

B R I S T O L:

Printed by S. FARLEY, in *Castle-green*.

M D C C L X X I V.

Q x ch. 770/49.





SELECT LESSONS

I N

PROSE and VERSE, &c.

ODE on the Glories of the Heavens. ADDISON.

1. THE spacious Firmament on high,
T With all the blue ætherial Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.
2. Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth :
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

A 2

3. What

3. What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball !
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found !
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The Hand that made us is Divine.”

DAVID's *Pastoral HYMN* on PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON.

1. **T**HE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care :
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye ;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.
2. When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountains pant ;
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads ;
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landkip flow.
3. Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still ;

Thy

Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

4. Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile :
The barren Wilderneys shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN on GRATITUDE. ADDISON.

1. **W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my GOD !
My rising Soul surveys ;
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise :
2. O how shall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd Heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.
3. Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.
4. To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Pray'r.

5. Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom those Comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to Man.
7. Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
8. When worn with Sickness, oft hast Thou
With Health renew'd my Face ;
And when in Sins and Sorrow sunk
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.
9. Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.
10. Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.
11. Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll pursue ;

And

And after Death in distant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

12. When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever-grateful Heart, O LORD,
Thy Mercy shall adore.
13. Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raise ;
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

1. **F**ATHER of all! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
JEHOVAH! LOVE! or LORD!
2. Thou great first Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind :
3. Yet gave me in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.
4. What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;

This

*This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.*

5. What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when Man receives ;
To enjoy is to obey.
6. Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.
7. Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge thy Foe.
8. If I am right, oh teach my Heart,
Still in the Right to stay ;
If I am wrong, thy Grace impart
To find that better Way !
9. Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.
10. Teach me to feel another's Woe ;
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

11. Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this Day's Life or Death.
12. This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
 All else beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not;
 And let thy Will be done.
13. To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
 One Chorus let all Beings raise!
 All Nature's Incense rise.

M E S S I A H.

A sacred Eclogue, compos'd of several Passages of
Isaiab the Prophet.

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the Song:
 To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
 The Mossy Fountains and the Sylvan Shades,
 The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Maids,
 Delight no more——O thou my Voice inspire,
 Who touch'd *Isaiab*'s hallow'd Lips with Fire!

Rapt into future Times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From *Jesse*'s Root behold a Branch arise,
 Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.

B

Th'

Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
 And on its Top descends the Mystic Dove.
 Ye Heav'ns ! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
 And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r !
 The Sick and Weak the healing Plant shall aid,
 From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
 All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale ;
 Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn !
 Oh spring to Light, auspicious Babe be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest Wreathes to bring,
 With all the Incense of the breathing Spring :
 See lofty *Lebanon* his Head advance,
 See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance,
 See spicy Clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies !
 Hark ! a glad Voice the lonely Desert cheers ;
 Prepare the Way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal Hills reply,
 The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies !
 Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise :
 With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay ;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid Floods give Way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient Bards foretold ;
 Hear him ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold !
 He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray,
 And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.

'Tis

'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
 And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear.
 The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
 No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,
 From every Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
 In adamantin Chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.
 As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care,
 Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring Sheep directs,
 By Day o'er fees them, and by Night protects;
 The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
 Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms:
 Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,
 'The promis'd Father of the future Age.
 No more shall Nation against Nation rise,
 Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
 Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
 But useles Lances into Scythes shall bend,
 And the broad Faulcion in a Plow-share end.
 Then Palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,
 And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the Field.
 The Swain in barren Defarts with Surprise
 Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise,
 And starts amidst the thirsty Wilds to hear
 New falls of Water murm'ring in his Ear:

On

On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
 The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd with Thorn,
 The spiry Firr and shapely Box adorn ;
 To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,
 And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed.
 The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant
 Mead,

And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead ;
 The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,
 And harmless Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
 The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take
 The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake ;
 Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,
 And with their forkly Tongue and pointless Sting
 shall play.

Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial *Salem* rise !
 Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes !
 See, a long Race thy spacious Courts adorn ;
 See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn
 In crouding Ranks on ev'ry Side arise,
 Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies !
 See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,
 Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend ;
 See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with Products of *Sabaean* Springs !
 For thee *Idume's* spicy Forests blow,
 And Seeds of Gold in *Ophyr's* Mountains glow.
 See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a Flood of Day !

No

No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,
 Nor Evening Cynthia fill her silver Horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,
 One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
 O'erflow thy Courts: The *Light himself* shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine!
 The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away;
 But fix'd *his* Word, *his* saving Pow'r remains,
 'Thy *Realm* for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns.

The Knowledge of Futurity wisely concealed. POPE.

HEAVERN from all Creatures hides the Book of
 Fate,
 All but the Page prescrib'd, their present State;
 From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know;
 Or who could suffer Being here below?
 'The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed To-day,
 Had he thy Reason, wou'd he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry Food,
 And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
 Oh Blindness to the future kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
 Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all,
 A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or Systems, into Ruin hurl'd,
 And *now* a Bubble burst, and *now* a World!

On

On H A P P I N E S S. POPE.

O Happiness ! our Being's End and Aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy
 Name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal Sigh,
 For which we bear to live, nor fear to die ;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the Fool—and Wife,
 Plant of celestial Seed ! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair-opening to some Court's propitious Shrine,
 Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming Mine,
 Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field ?
 Where grows—where grows it not ?—If vain our
 Toil,
 We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil :
 Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere ;
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.

Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and *that* to shun Mankind :
 Some place the bliss in Action, some in Ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these.

Take Nature's Path, and mad Opinions leave,
 All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive ;
 Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well,
 And mourn our various Portions as we please,
 Equal is *common Sense* and *common Ease*.

Order

Order is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the Rest,
 More rich, more wise: But who infers from hence,
 That such are *happier*, shocks all common Sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all were equal in their Happiness:
 But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
 All Nature's Difference keeps all Nature's Peace.
 Condition, Circumstance, is not the Thing;
Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King;
 In who obtain Defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry Member of the Whole
 One common Blessing, as one common Soul.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's whole Pleasure, all the Joys of Sense,
 Lie in three Words, *Health, Peace, and Competence.*

The MAN of ROSS. POPE.

BUT all our Praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross:
 Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding Bounds,
 And rapid *Severn* hoarse Applause resounds.
 Who hung with Woods yon Mountains sultry Brow?
 From the dry Rock who bade the Waters flow?
 Nor to the Skies in useless Columns tost,
 Or in proud Falls magnificently lost,

But

But clear and artless pouring thro' the Plain
 Health to the Sick, and Solace to the Swain.
 Whose Causeway parts the Vale with shady Rows?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?
 Who feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of State,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the Gate?
 Who taught that Heav'n-directed Spire to rise?
 The MAN of Ross, each lisping Babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with Poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly Bread:
 Him portion'd Maids, apprentic'd Orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the Med'cine takes and gives.
 Is there a Variance? Enter but his Door,
 Baulk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curies fled the Place,
 And vile Attornies, now an useless Race.
 "Thrice happy Man! enabled to pursue
 "What all so wish, but want the Pow'r to do.
 "Oh say, what Sums that gen'rous Hand supply?
 "What Mines to swell that boundless Charity?
 Of Debts and Taxes, Wife or Children clear,
 This Man possess'd—five hundred Pounds a Year.
 Blush Grandeur, blush; proud Courts withdraw your
 Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd Rays. [Blaze.

"And what? No Monument, Inscription, Stone?
 "His Race, his Form, his Name almost unknown?
 Who builds a Church to GOD, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the Marble with his Name.

The

*The Omnipresence of GOD, and Submission to his
Providence.* PORE.

ALL are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and GOD the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the Earth, as in th' æthereal Frame;
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees;
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair as Heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and measures all.

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own Point: This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, Spite of Pride, in erring Reason's Spite,
One Truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

The P E A C O C K. YOUNG.

HOW rich the *Peacock*? what bright Glories run
 From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?
 He proudly spreads them to the golden Ray,
 Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day;
 With conscious State the spacious Round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

The W A R - H O R S E. YOUNG.

SURVEY the warlike *Horse*! didst Thou invest
 With Thunder, his robust distended Chest?
 No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostril Blaze;
 To paw the Vale he proudly takes Delight,
 And triumphs in the Fulness of his Might;
 High-raised he snuffs the Battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging War;
 And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,
 And in a Storm of Fury shakes the Ground.
 How does his firm, his rising Heart advance,
 Full on the brandish'd Sword, and shaken Lance;
 While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazzling Shield,
 Gaze, and return the Light'ning of the Field?
 He sinks the Sense of Pain in gen'rous Pride,
 Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side,
 But neighs to the shrill Trumpet's dreadful Blast
 Till Death; and when he groans, He groans his last.

The

The L I O N. YOUNG.

BUT fiercer still the Lordly *Lion* stalks,
 Grimly Majestic in his lonely Walks ;
 When round He glares, All living Creatures fly,
 He clears the Desert with his rolling Eye.
 Say, Mortal, does He rouse at thy Command,
 And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand ?
 Dost Thou for Him in Forests bend thy Bow,
 And to his gloomy Den the Morfel throw,
 Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful Ambush pant for Blood ;
 Or stretch'd on broken Limbs, consume the Day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their Prey ?
 By the pale Moon They take their destin'd Round,
 And lash their Sides, and furious tear the Ground.
 Now Shrieks, and dying Groans the Desert fill ;
 They rage, they rend, their rav'nous Jaws distil
 With crimson Foam ; and when the Banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their Steps with Gore ;
 In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Trust,
 And shudders at the Talon in the Dust.

The L E V I A T H A N. YOUNG.

GO to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful Side,
 Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide,
 With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,
 And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand.

Will He become thy Servant, will He own
 Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at thy Frown?
 Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,
 And, bound in Silk, with thy soft Maidens play?

Shall pompous Banquets swell with such a Prize,
 And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?
 Or the debating Merchants share the Prey,
 And various Limbs to various Marts convey?
 Thro' his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win?
 What forceful Engine can subdue his Skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless Might;
 The Bravest shrink to Cowards in his Sight;
 The Rastest dare not rouse him up; who then
 Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men?

Am I a Debtor? hast Thou ever heard
 Whence come the Gifts which are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish Fruit a thousand Vallies fills,
 And mine the Herds, that graze a thousand Hills;
 Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own,
 And Stars and Sun are Dust beneath my Throne.
 And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my Creature's Eye?

At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,
 Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size.
 Who, great in Arms, e'er stripp'd his shining Mail,
 Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale?
 Whose Heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious Jaws unfold,

And

And marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on
Rows :

What hideous Fangs on either Side arise,
And what a deep Abyfs between them lies ?
Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plummet found,
The One how long, the Other how profound.

His Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,
That Clouds of Smoke from his spread Nostrils roll,
As from a Furnace ; and, when rous'd his Ire,
Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.
The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please ;
Strength on his ample Shoulder fits in State,
His well join'd Limbs are dreadfully compleat ;
His Flakes of solid Flesh are flow to part,
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

When late awak'd, He rears him from the Floods,
And, stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,
And strikes the distant Hills with transient Light ;
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

Large is his Front, and, when his burnish'd Eyes
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rise.

In vain may Death in various Shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd Arrow, the descending Blade ;

His

His naked Breast their Impotence defies,
 The Dart rebounds, the brittle Faulchion flies.
 Shut in Himself, the War without he hears,
 Safe in the Tempest of their rattling Spears;
 The cumber'd Strand their wasted Vollies strow,
 His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

His Pastimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,
 And blacken Ocean with the rising Mud;
 The Billows feel Him, as he works his Way;
 His hoary Footsteps shine along the Sea; [Green,
 The Foam high-wrought, with White divides the
 And distant Sailors point where Death has been.

His Like Earth bears not on her spacious Face,
 Alone in Nature stands his dauntless Race,
 For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd.
 In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eyes around,
 Makes every swoln, disdainful Heart subside,
 And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

The H E R M I T. PARNEL.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to public View,
 From Youth to Age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
 The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
 His Food the Fruits, his Drink the chrystal Well:
 Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the Days,
 Pray'r all his Business, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,
 Seem'd Heav'n itself, 'till one Suggestion rose;
 That Vice shou'd triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
 This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway:
His

His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
And all the Tenour of his Soul is lost :
So when a smooth Expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breast,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow :
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side,
And glimmering Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books, or Swains, report it right ;
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
He quits his Cell ; the Pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before ;
Then with the rising Sun his Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wafted in the pathless Grass,
And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass ;
But when the Southern Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way ;
His Raiment decent, his Complexion fair,
And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father, Hail ! he cry'd ;
And Hail, my Son, the reverend Sire reply'd ;
Words follow'd Words, from Question Answer
[flow'd,
And Talk of various Kind deceiv'd the Road ;
Till

Till each with other pleas'd and loth to part,
 While in their Age they differ, join in Heart :
 Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
 Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.

Now sunk the Sun ; the closing Hour of Day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober Gray ;
 Nature in Silence bid the World repose ;
 When near the Road a stately Palace rose :
 There by the Moon thro' Ranks of Trees they pass,
 Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping Sides of Grass.
 It chanc'd the noble Master of the Dome [Home :
 Still made his House the wand'ring Stranger's
 Yet still the Kindness, from a Thirst of Praise,
 Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.
 The Pair arrive : The liv'ry'd Servants wait ;
 Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate.
 The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,
 And all is more than hospitably good ;
 Then led to Rest, the Day's long Toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day
 Along the wide Canals the Zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring Wood to banish Sleep.
 Up rise the Guests obedient to the Call :
 An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall ;
 Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind Master forc'd the Guests to taste.

Then

Then pleas'd and thankful from the Porch they go ;
 And, but the Landlord, none had Cause of Woe ;
 His Cup was vanish'd ; for in secret Guise
 The younger Guest purloin'd the glitt'ring Prize.

As one who spies a Serpent in his Way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the Summer Ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the Danger near,
 Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with Fear :
 So seem'd the Sire ; when, far upon the Road,
 The shining Spoil his wiley Partner show'd. [Heart,
 He stopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory shrouds,
 The changing Skies hang out their sable Clouds ;
 A Sound in Air presag'd approaching Rain,
 And Beasts to Covert scud across the Plain.
 Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
 To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
 'Twas built with Turrets, on a rising Ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 It's Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.
 As near the Miser's heavy Doors they drew,
 Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew ;
 The nimble Lightning mix'd with Show'rs began,
 And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.

D

Here

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
 At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast,
 ('Twas then, his Threshhold first receiv'd a Guest)
 Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering Pair ;
 One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
 And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest Sort with eager Wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the Tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With still Remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost Wealth a Thousand want beside ?
 But what new Marks of Wonder soon took Place,
 In ev'ry settling Feature of his Face !
 When from his Vest the young Companion bore
 That Cup, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious Bowl
 The flinted Kindness of this churlish Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumult fly,
 The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky ;
 A fresher Green the smelling Leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day :
 The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
 And the glad Master bolts the wary Gate.

While

[wrought

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Bosom
 With all the Travel of uncertain Thought ;
 His Partner's Acts without their Cause appear,
 'Twas *there* a Vice, and seem'd a Madnefs *here* :
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky ;
 Again the Wand'ers want a Place to lye, }
 Again they search, and find a Lodging nigh. }
 The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its Master's Turn of Mind,
 Content, and not for Praise, but Virtue kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
 Then blefs the Mansion, and the Master greet :
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest Guise,
 The courteous Master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a Part ;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome Table spread,
 Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed ;
 When the grave Household round his Hall repair,
 Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hours with Pray'r.

At length the World renew'd by calm Repose
 Was strong for Toil, the dappled Morn arose ;

Before

Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,
 Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant slept,
 And writh'd his Neck: The Landlord's little Pride,
 O strange Return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
 Horror of Horrors! what! his only Son! [dy'd.
 How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done?
 Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue Fire, could more assault his Heart.

Confus'd, and struck with Silence at the Deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
 His Steps the Youth pursues; the Country lay
 Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant show'd the Way:
 A River cross'd the Path; the Passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the Servant trod before;
 Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge supply'd,
 And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
 The Youth, who seem'd to watch a Time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his Head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the Dead.

Wild, sparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,
 He bursts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,
 Detested Wretch——but scarce his Speech began,
 When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man:
 His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet;
 His Robe turn'd White, and flow'd upon his Feet;
 Fair Rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair;
 Celestial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air;

And

And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd on the Day,
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes display.
The Form ætherial bursts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprize in secret Chains his Word suspends,
And in a Calm his settling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne :
These Charms, Success in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy Mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky :
Nay, cease to kneel — thy Fellow-servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government divine,
And let these Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
On using second Means to work his Ends :

'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uses, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What

prize

What strange Events can strike with more Sur-
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring Eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The Great, Vain Man, who far'd on costly Food,
 Whose Life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,
 And forc'd his Guests to Morning Draughts of Wine,
 Has, with the Cup, the graceless Custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted Door
 Never mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;
 With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind,
 That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
 And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
 Thus Artists melt the sullen Ore of Lead,
 With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
 In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
 And loose from Dross, the Silver runs below.

Long had our pious Friend in Virtue trod,
 But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God;
 (Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
 And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
 To what Excesses had his Dotage run?
 But God, to save the Father, took the Son.
 To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow.)

The

The poor fond Parent humbled in the Dust,
Now owns in Tears the Punishment was just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that false Servant sped in Safety back?
This Night his treasur'd Heaps he meant to steal,
And what a Fund of Charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding Pinions here the Youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His Master took the Chariot of the Sky;
The fiery Pomp ascending left the View;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be done."
Then gladly turning, sought his antient Place,
And pass'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

M I L T O N's INVOCATION.

OF Man's first Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal Taste
Brought Death into the World, and all our Woe,
With Loss of *Eden*, 'till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat.

Sing

Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret Top
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of Chaos: Or if *Sion* Hill
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy Aid to my advent'rous Song,
 That with no middle Flight intends to soar
 Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty Wings outspread
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
 Illumin, what is low raise and support;
 That to the Hight of this great Argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the Ways of God to Men.

H Y M N to L I G H T. MILTON.

HAIL holy Light, Offspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal Beam,
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,
 And never but in unapproach'd Light
 Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate

Or

Or hear'st thou rather pure æthereal Stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
 Before the Heav'ns Thou wert, and at the Voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
 The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite.
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder Wing,
 Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure Sojourn, while in my Flight
 Through utter and through middle Darkness borne
 With other Notes than to th' *Orphean* Lyre
 I sing of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these Eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn;
 So thick a Drop serene hath quench'd their Orbs,
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,
 Smit with the Love of sacred Song, but chief
 Thee, *Sion*, and the flow'ry Brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: Nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in Renown,
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old:

E

Then

Then feed on Thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers ; as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n or Morn,
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
 Or Flocks, or Herds, or Human Face divine ;
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the chearful Ways of Men
 Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal Blank
 Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather Thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Powers
 Irradiate, *there* plant Eyes ; all Mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of Things invifible to mortal Sight.

The sublime HOMAGE of ANGELS. MILTON.

WITH solemn Adoration down they cast
 Their Crowns inwove with Amarant and
 Gold ;
 Then crown'd again, their golden Harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their Side
 Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
 Of charming Symphony they introduce
 Their sacred Song, and waken Raptures high:

No

No Voice exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious Part, such Concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; *Thee* Author of all Being,
Fountain of Light, thyself invifible
Amidft the glorious Brightnefs where thou fit'ft
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou fhad'ft
The full Blaze of thy Beams, and through a Cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with exceffive Bright thy Skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brighteft Seraphim
Approach not, but with both Wings veil their Eyes.
Thee next they fang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous Count'nance without Cloud
Made vifible, th' Almighty Father fhines,
Whom elfe no Creature can behold; on thee
Imprefs'd th' Effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit refts.
Hail Son of God! Saviour of Men, thy Name
Shall be the copious Matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy Praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's Praise disjoint.

ADAM and EVE in *Paradise*. MILTON.

TWO of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad

In

In naked Majesty seem'd Lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd ; for in their Looks divine
 The Image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe but in true filial Freedom plac'd)
 For Contemplation he and Valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive Grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him :
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute Rule ; and hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted Forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his Shoulders broad :
 She as a Veil down to her slender Waste
 Her unadorned golden Tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd.
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the Sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no Ill :
 So Hand in Hand they pass'd, the loveliest Pair
 That ever since in Love's Embraces met.

The CREATION finish'd and survey'd. MILTON.

HERE finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day :
 Yet not till the Creator from his Work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high Abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World,

Th'

Th' Addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In Prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with Acclamation and the Sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harps that tun'd
 Angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air,
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their Stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; let in
 The great Creator from his Work return'd
 Magnificent, his six Days Work, a *World*.

Adam relates to the Angel Raphael his pleasing Amazement on the first Survey he took of himself.

MILTON.

FOR Man to tell how human Life began
 Is hard; for who himself Beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest Sleep
 Soft on the flow'ry Herb I found me laid
 In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking Moisture fed.
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a-while the ample Sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive Motion up I sprung,

As

As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my Feet ; about me round I saw
 Hill, Dale, and shady Wood, and sunny Plains,
 And liquid Lapse of murm'ring Streams ; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the Branches warbling ; all Things smil'd,
 With Fragrance and with Joy my Heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple Joints, as lively Vigor led :
 But who I was, or where, or from what Cause,
 Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?
 Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,
 In Goodness and in Pow'r præminent ;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew Air, and first beheld
 This happy Light, when Answer none return'd,
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flowers
 Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle Sleep
 First found me, and with soft Oppression seiz'd
 My droused Sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then

I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
 When suddenly stood at my Head a Dream,
 Whose inward Apparition gently mov'd
 My Fancy to believe I yet had Being,
 And liv'd : One came, methought, of Shape divine,
 And said, Thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of Bliss, thy Seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the Hand he took me rais'd,
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Air
 Smooth sliding without Step, last led me up
 A woody Mountain ; whose high Top was plain,
 A Circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest Trees
 Planted, with Walks, and Bow'rs, that what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each Tree
 Loaden with fairest Fruit, that hung to th' Eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden Appetite
 To pluck and Eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the Dream
 Had lively shadow'd : Here had new begun
 My Wand'ring, had not he who was my Guide
 Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd,
 Prefence divine. Rejoicing, but with Awe,
 In Adoration at his Feet I fell [I am,
 Submiss : He rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.

Adam

Adam and Eve's Morning HYMN. MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious Works, Parent of
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame, [Good
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest Works; yet these declare
 Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine-
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with Songs
 And choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without End.
 Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,
 While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his Praise
 In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His Praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.

Air,

Air, and ye Elements, the eldest Birth
 Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all Things; let your ceaseless Change
 Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold,
 In Honour to the World's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his Praise.
 His Praise, ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your Tops ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in Sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
 Join Voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
 Bear on your Wings and in your Notes his Praise.
 Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Even,
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh Shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.
 Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only Good; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark.

THOMSON'S *HYMN on the CREATION.*

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,
these,

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling Year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tendernefs and Love.
Wide flush the Fields; the softening Air is Balm;
Echo the Mountains round; the Forest smiles;
And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.
Then comes thy Glory in the Summer Months,
With Light and Heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full Perfection thro' the swelling Year:
And oft thy Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks;
And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
By Brooks and Groves, in hollow whispering Gales.
Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that live.
In Winter awful Thou! with Clouds and Storms
Around Thee thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,
Majestic Darknefs! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the World adore,
And humblest Nature with thy Northern Blast.

Myfterious Round! what Skill, what Force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple Train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade;
And all so forming an harmonious Whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But

But wand'ring oft, with Brute unconscious Gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres;
 Works in the secret Deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
 Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempest forth,
 And, as on Earth this graceful Change revolves,
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

Nature, attend! join every living Soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In Adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general Song! To Him, ye vocal Gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your Freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of Him in solitary Glooms!
 Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely waving Pine
 Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
 And ye, whose bolder Note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound;
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Main,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall.
 Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and
 Flowers,

In mingled Clouds to Him ; whose Sun exalts,
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints •
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to Him ;
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart,
 As Home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
 Ye that keep Watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
 Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
 Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre.
 Great Source of Day ! best Image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
 On Nature write with every Beam His Praise.
 The Thunder rolls : Be hush'd the prostrate World ;
 While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills : Ye mossy Rocks,
 Retain the Sound : The broad responsive Low,
 Ye Valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come.
 Ye Woodlands all, awake : A boundless Song
 Burst from the Groves ! and when the restless Day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
 Sweetest of Birds ! sweet *Philomela*, charm
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night Hi
 Praise.
 Ye Chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles ;
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming Cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear,

At

At solemn Pauses, thro' the swelling Bafs ;
 And, as each mingling Flame increafes each,
 In one united Ardor rife to Heaven.
 Or, if you rather chufe the rural Shade,
 And find a Fane in every fared Grove ;
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
 Still fing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the Bloffom blows, the Summer-Ray
 Ruffets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rife in the blackening Eaft ;
 Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

Should Fate command me to the fartheft Verge
 Of the green Earth, to diftant barbarous Climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song ; where firft the Sun
 Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his fetting Beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* Ifles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since God is ever prefent, ever felt,
 In the void Wafte as in the City full ;
 And where He vital fpreads there muft be Joy.
 When even at laft the folemn Hour fhall come,
 And wing my myftic Flight to future Worlds,
 I chearful will obey ; there, with new Powers,
 Will rifing Wonders fing : I cannot go
 Where univerfal Love not fmiles around,
 Suftraining all yon Orbs, and **all** their Sons ;
 From *feeming* Evil ftill educing Good,

And

And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,
 In infinite Progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His Praise.

The Symphony of the Spring.

THOMSON.

——— **U**P-springs the Lark,
 Shrill-voic'd and loud, the Messenger of Morn ;
 Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
 Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copse
 Deep-tangled, Tree irregular, and Bush,
 Bending with dewy Moisture o'er the Heads
 Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush
 And Wood-Lark, o'er the kind contending Throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length
 Of Notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought
 Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
 The Blackbird whistles from the thorny Brake ;
 The mellow Bull-finch answers from the Grove ;
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable Songsters, in the freshening Shade
 Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,

And

And each harsh Pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full Concert: While the Stock-Dove
 breathes
 A melancholy Murmur thro' the Whole.

The Dawn of a Summer's-Day. THOMSON.

WHITE break the Clouds away. With
 quicken'd Step,
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
 The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top,
 Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
 Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoking Currents shine;
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limpers awkward; while along the Forest-Glade
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early Passenger. Music awakes,
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy;
 And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives
 His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

S U N - R I S I N G. THOMSON.

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd

Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,
 Aflant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wander-
 ing Streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light !
 Of all material Beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe !
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential Gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding Worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

HYMN to the SUN.

THOMSON.

INFORMER of the planetary Train !
 Without whose quickening Glance their cum-
 brous Orbs
 Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead,
 And not as now the green Abodes of Life ;
 How many Forms of Being wait on thee !
 Inhaling Spirit ; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,
 The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam.

The vegetable World is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons* ! round thy beaming Car,

High-

High-keen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly Dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
 Of Bloom ætherial the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into Joy the surly *Storms*.
 These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,
 Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; 'till kindling at thy
 Touch,
 From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year.

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
 Assumes a Mimic Life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter Mazes, the reluctant Stream
 Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
 Softens at thy Return. The Desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.
 Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,
 Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,
 Unequal far, great delegated Source,
 Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated Light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;

G

Whose

Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless Sky :
 But, should he hide his Face, th' astonish'd Sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every fault'ring Tongue of Man,
 Almighty Father! silent in thy Praise ;
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
 Even in the Depth of solitary Woods,
 By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
 And to the Quire celestial Thee resound,
 Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all !

The PRAISE of the MORNING ;
Or, The Sluggard Reproved. THOMSON.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
 To Meditation due and sacred Song ?
 For is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wife ?
 To lye in dead Oblivion, losing Half
 The fleeting Moments of too short a Life ?
 Total Extinction of the enlighten'd Soul ;
 Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
Longer

Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious Morning-Walk ?

A Storm of Thunder and Lightning. THOMSON.

'**T**IS listening Fear, and dumb Amazement all :
When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
Appears far South, eruptive thro' the Cloud ;
And following slower, in Explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
The Tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind,
The Light'nings flash a larger Curve, and more
'The Noise astounds : 'till over Head a Sheet
Of livid Flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,
Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds
Pour a whole Flood ; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable Light'ning struggles thro'
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.

Black from the Stroke, above, the smouldring Pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie :
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye ; and there the frowning Bull,
 And Ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
 Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
 Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* Mountains rages loud
 The repercussive Roar : With mighty Crash,
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the Sky,
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs ; and *Snowden's* Peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
 Far-seen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost Isles.

A Prayer for the Prosperity of Great-Britain.

THOMSON.

O Thou ! by whose almighty *Nod* the Scale
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the Land,
 In bright Patrol : White *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind ;

Courage

Courage compos'd, and keen ; found *Temperance*,
 Healthful in Heart and Look ; clear *Chastity*
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant Front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
 And, ever musing on the common Weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great Design.

Moral Reflections on a future State. THOMSON.

TIS done !—Dread WINTER spreads his latest
 Glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
 How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate Domain. Behold, fond Man !
 See here thy pictur'd Life ; pass some few Years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
 Thy sober Autumn fading into Age, [Strength,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the Scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those Dreams of Greatness ? those unsolid Hopes
 Of Happiness ? those Longings after Fame ?
 Those restless Cares ? those busy bustling Days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights ? those veering
 Thoughts,

Lost

Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man,
 His Guide to Happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
 Of Heaven and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating Word*, and starts to Life,
 In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death
 For ever free. *The great eternal Scheme*
 Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly Wise! ye blind Presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: See now the Cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: Why the good Man's Share
 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul:
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,
 In Palaces, lay straining her low Thoughts,
 To form unreal Wants: Why Heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks
 Of Superstition's Scourge: Why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distrest!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet bear up a While,
 And what your bounded View, which only saw
 A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:

The

The Storms of Wint'ry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle All.

A P R A Y E R.

THOMSON.

FATHER of Light and Life ! thou Good supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,
From every low Pursuit ! and feed my Soul
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss !

Man a Miracle to himself.

YOUNG.

HOW poor ? how rich ? how abject ? how august ?
How complicate ? how wonderful is Man ?
How passing Wonder HE, who made him such ?
Who center'd in our Make such strange Extremes ?
From different Natures marvelously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant Worlds !
Distinguisht *Link* in Being's endless Chain !
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity* !
A Beam æthereal, fully'd, and absorpt !
Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still Divine !
Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute !
An Heir of Glory ! a frail Child of Dust !
Helpless Immortal ! *Insect infinite* !
A Worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,

And

And in myself am lost ! At home a Stranger,
 'Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own*: How Reason reels!
 O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
 Triumphantly distress'd ? what Joy, what Dread ?
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my Life ? or what destroy ?
 An Angel's Arm can't snatch me from the Grave ;
 Legions of Angels can't confine me There.

A P P R A Y E R. YOUNG.

O Thou great Arbiter of Life and Death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun !
 Whose all prolific Beam late call'd me forth
 From Darknefs, teeming Darknefs, where I lay
 The Worms inferior, and, in Rank, beneath
 The Dust I tread on, high to bear my Brow :
 To drink the Spirit of the golden Day,
 And triumph in Existence ; and could'st know
 No Motive but my Bliss ; and hast ordain'd
 A Rise in Blessing ! with the *Patriarch's* Joy,
 Thy Call I follow to the Land unknown ;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
 Or Life, or Death, is equal ; neither weighs,
 All Weight in this — O let me live to Thee !

The Darkneſs of Providence.

ADDISON.

THE Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors:
 Our Underſtanding traces them in vain,
 Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs Search;
 Nor ſees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the regular Confuſion ends.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

ADDISON.

IT muſt be ſo—*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!
 Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
 This Longing after Immortality?
 Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,
 Of falling into Nought? why ſhrinks the Soul
 Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven it ſelf that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to Man.
 Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, Thought!
 Through what Variety of untry'd Being, [paſs
 Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we
 The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect lyes before me;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs, reſt upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her Works) he muſt delight in Virtue;
 And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

The SICK MAN and the ANGEL.

GAY.

IS there no Hope? the sick Man said.
 The silent Doctor shook his Head,
 And took his Leave, with Signs of Sorrow,
 Despairing of his Fee To-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping Breath,
 I feel the chilling Wound of Death.
 Since I must bid the World adieu ;
 Let me my former Life review.
 I grant, my Bargains well were made,
 But all Men over-reach in Trade ;
 'Tis Self-defence in each Profession :
 Sure Self-Defence is no Transgression.
 The little Portion in my Hands,
 By good Security on Lands,
 Is well increas'd. If unawares,
 My Justice to myself and Heirs,
 Hath let my Debtor rot in Jail,
 For Want of good sufficient Bail ;
 If I by Writ, or Bond, or Deed,
 Reduc'd a Family to Need,
 My Will hath made the World Amends ;
 My Hope on Charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the Dead,
 And all my pious Gifts are read,
 By Heaven and Earth 'twill then be known,
 My Charities were amply shown.

An

An Angel came. Ah Friend ! he cry'd,
 No more in flatt'ring Hope confide.
 Can thy good Deeds in former Times
 Outweigh the Balance of thy Crimes ?
 What Widow or what Orphan prays
 To crown thy Life with Length of Days ?
 A pious Action's in thy Power,
 Embrace with Joy the happy Hour ;
 Now, while you draw the vital Air,
 Prove your Intention is sincere :
 This Instant give an Hundred Pound ;
 Your Neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such Haste, the sick Man whines,
 Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs ?
 Perhaps I may recover still :
 That Sum and more are in my Will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your Life, your Soul, your Heav'n, was Gain ;
 From every Side. with all your Might,
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your Right,
 And after Death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own.

While there is Life, there's Hope, he cry'd ;
 Then why such Haste ? so groan'd and dy'd.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

GAY.

FRRIENDSHIP, like Love, is but a Name,
 Unless to one you stint the Flame.

The Child, whom many Fathers share,
Hath feldom known a Father's Care ;
'Tis thus in Friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a Friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil Way,
Complied with every Thing, like *Gay*,
Was known by all the bestial Train,
Who haunt the Wood, or graze the Plain :
Her Care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry Creature was her Friend.

As forth she went at early Dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled Lawn,
Behind she hears the Hunter's Cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd Thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for Breath,
She hears the near Advance of Death,
She doubles to mis-lead the Hound,
And measures back her mazy Round ;
'Till, fainting in the public Way,
Half-dead with Fear she gasping lay.

What Transport in her Bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in View !

Let me, says she, your Back ascend,
And owe my Safety to a Friend ;
You know my Feet betray my Flight,
To Friendship ev'ry Burden's light.

The Horse reply'd, poor honest Pufs,
It grieves my Heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted, Relief is near ;
For all your Friends are in the Rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty Lord :
Since ev'ry Beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without Offence, pretend
To take the Freedom of a Friend ;
Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite Cow
Expects me near yon Barley-Mow :
And when a Lady's in the Case,
You know all other Things give Place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her Pulse was high,
Her languid Head, her heavy Eye ;
My Back, says he, may do you Harm ;
The Sheep's at Hand, and Wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His Sides a Load of Wool sustain'd.
Said he was slow, confess his Fears ;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address,
To save from Death a Friend distress.

Shall

Shall I, says he, of tender Age,
 In this important Care engage ?
 Older and abler past you by ;
 How strong are those ! how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those Friends of mine may take Offence.
 Excuse me then. You know my Heart :
 But dearest Friends, alas, must part !
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu.
 For see the Hounds are just in View.

The COURT of DEATH.

GAY.

DEATH on a solemn Night of State,
 In all his Pomp of Terrors fate :
 Th' Attendants on his gloomy Reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly Train,
 Croud the vast Court. With hollow Tone
 A Voice thus thunder'd from the Throne.

This Night our Minister we name,
 Let ev'ry Servant speak his Claim ;
 Merit shall bear this Ebon Wand.
 All at the Word stretch'd forth their Hand.

Fever, with burning Heat possesst,
 Advanc'd, and for the Wand address.
 I to the weekly Bills appeal ;
 Let those express my fervent Zeal,

On

On ev'ry slight Occasion near,
With Violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping Pace,
Pleads how he shifts from Place to Place,
From Head to Foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry Joint and Sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious, stubborn Guest.

A haggard Spectre from the Crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his Due.
'Tis I who taint the sweetest Joy,
And in the Shape of Love destroy:
My Shanks, sunk Eyes, and noseless Face,
Prove my Pretensions to the Place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing Force.
And, next, Consumption's meagre Corse,
With feeble Voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short Coughs, his suit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring Way,
I gain, like Fabius, by Delay,
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry Foe
By long Attack, secure tho' slow.

Plague represents his rapid Power,
Who thinn'd a Nation in an Hour.

All spoke their Claim, and hop'd the Wand.
Now Expectation hush'd the Band;

When

When thus the Monarch from the Throne :
 Merit was ever modest known.
 What, no Physician speak his Right !
 None here ?—But Fees their Toils requite.
 Let then Intemp'rance take the Wand,
 Who fills with Gold their zealous Hand.
 You, Fever, Gout, and all the Rest,
 (Whom wary Men, as Foes, detest)
 Forego your Claim ; no more pretend :
 Intemp'rance is esteem'd a Friend ;
 He shares their Mirth, their social Joys,
 And as a courted Guest destroys.
 The Charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds Employment for you all.

F A L S E G R E A T N E S S. W A T T S.

I.

M^RLO, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large Estate ;
 Should all the Treasures of the *West*
 Meet, and conspire to make him Great.
 I know thy better Thoughts, I know
 Thy Reason can't descend so low.
 Let a broad Stream with golden Sands
 Thro' all his Meadows roll,
 He's but a Wretch, with all his Lands,
 That wears a narrow Soul.

II. He

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy Store,
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,
 In his own Scale he fondly lays
 Huge Heaps of shining Ore.
 He spreads the Balance wide to hold
 His Manors and his Farms,
 And cheats the Beam with Loads of Gold
 He hugs between his Arms.
 So might the Plough-Boy climb a Tree,
 When *Cræsus* mounts his Throne,
 And both stand up, and smile to see
 How long their Shadow's grown.
 Alas! how vain their Fancies be
 To think that Shape their own !

III.

Thus mingled still with Wealth and State,
Cræsus himself can never know ;
 His true Dimensions and his Weight
 Are far inferior to their Show.
 Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
 Or grasp the Ocean with my Span,
 I must be measur'd by my Soul :
 The Mind's the Standard of the Man.



A SPEECH of King Henry the Fourth, upon his receiving News in the Night, of the Rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland. SHAKESPEAR.

HOW many Thousands of my poorest Subjects
 Are at this Hour asleep ! O gentle Sleep !
 Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
 And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, Sleep, lyest thou in smoaky Huts,
 Upon uneasy Pallets stretching thee,
 And husht with buzzing Night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
 And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody ?
 O thou dull God ! why lyest thou with the Vile
 In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the Kingly Couch
 Beneath rich Canopies of costly State,
 A Watch-case to a common 'Larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,
 Seal up the Ship-boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge ;
 And in the Visitation of the Winds,
 Who take the ruffian Billows by the Top,
 Curling their monstrous Heads, and hanging them
 With deaf ning Clamours in the slippery Shrouds,
 'That, with the Hurly, Death itself awakes ? — —
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-boy, in an Hour so rude ?
 And, in the calmest, and the stillest Night,
 With all Appliances and Means to boot,

Deny

Deny it to a King ? Then, happy, lowly Clown ?
Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.

Cardinal WOLSEY's Lamentation of his Fall.

SHAKESPEAR.

FAREWEL, a long Farewel to all my Great-
ness !

This is the State of Man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him ;
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root ;
And then falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
These many Summers, in a Sea of Glory ;
But far beyond my Depth : My high-blown Pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain Pomp and Glory of this World, I hate ye ;
I feel my Heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor Man, that hangs on Princes Favours !
There is, betwixt that Smile which we aspire to,
That sweet Regard of Princes, and our Ruin,
More Pangs and Fears than War and Women know ;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.†

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a Tear
In all my Miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest Truth, to play the Woman —
Let's dry our Eyes : And thus far hear me, *Crom-*
well ;

Mark but my Fall, and that which ruin'd me,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no Mention
Of me must more be heard : Say then, I taught
thee ;

Say, *Wolsey*, that once rode the Waves of Glory,
And founded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
Found thee a Way, out of this Wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy Master mis'd it.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition ;
By that Sin fell the Angels ; how can Man then
('The Image of his Maker) hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those Hearts that wait
thee ;

Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
Still in thy right Hand carry gentle Peace,
To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the Ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's : Then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. Serve the King ;
And, prithee, lead me in —
There take an Inventory of all I have ;
To the last Penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all

I now

I now dare call my own. O *Cromwell, Cromwell*,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the Zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine Age
 Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Preservation by Land and by Sea.

A Divine O D E.

SPECTATOR.

1. **H**OW are Thy Servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their Defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
 Their Help Omnipotence.

2. In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
 Supported by Thy Care,
 Through burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted Air.

3. Thy Mercy sweet'ned ev'ry Soil,
 Made every Region please;
 The hoary *Alpine* Hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas.

4. Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted Eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
 In all its Horrors rise!

5. Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
 And Fear in ev'ry Heart;

When

When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

6. Yet then from all my Grievs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on Thee ;
7. For tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to Hear,
Nor Impotent to Save :
8. The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will ;
The Sea, that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was still.
9. In Midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for thy Mercies past ;
And humbly hope for more.
10. My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be ;
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to Thee.



RECOVERY from SICKNESS.

A Divine ODE.

SPECTATOR.

1. **W**HEN rising from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I see my Maker, Face to Face,
O how shall I appear !
2. If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be fought,
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought ;
3. When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear !
4. But Thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.
5. Then see the Sorrows of my Heart
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans
To give those Sorrows Weight.
6. For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon sure.

An

AN EPI TAPH.

SPECTATOR.

HERE Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
 Hence did she go just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next Blessing to a Life well-spent.

On Mrs. MASON. In Bristol Cathedral.

By the Rev. Mr. W. MASON.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my Soul holds
 dear:

Take that best Gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
 To *Bristol's* Fount I bore with trembling Care
 Her faded Form: She bow'd to taste the Wave
 And died.—Does Youth, does Beauty read the
 Line?

Does sympathetic Fear their Breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead MARIA! breath a Strain divine:
 Ev'n from the Grave thou shalt have Power to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in Duty's Sphere as meekly move;
 And if so fair, from Vanity as free;
 As firm in Friendship, and as fond in Love.
 Tell them, tho' tis an awful Thing to die,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread Path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting Portals high,
 And bids the "Pure in Heart behold their God."

On

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

SPECTATOR.

UNDERNEATH this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sydney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother ;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at Thee.

An EPI TAPH, by BEN. JOHNSON.

UNDERNEATH this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as cou'd die ;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as cou'd live.

On Sir Godfrey Kneller.

POPE.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
thought ;
Now for two Ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
Rests crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her Works ; and dying, fears herself may die.

On the Czar Peter the Great. PLAIN DEALER.

Here under Deposited
Lies All that cou'd die, of a Man Immortal ;
PETER ALEXIOVITZ :

It is almost superfluous to add
GREAT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA :
A Title !

Which, instead of adding to his Glory,
Became Glorious by His wearing it.

Let Antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.

How easy was Victory
To Leaders, who were follow'd by Heroes !
And whose Soldiers felt a noble Disdain,
To be thought less awake than their Generals !

But H E,
Who, in this Place, first, knew Rest,
Found Subjects Base, and Unactive,
Unwarlike, Unlearn'd, Untractable,
Neither covetous of Fame,
Nor liberal of Danger ;
Creatures, with the Names of Men,
But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational :
Yet, even These,

He polished from their native Ruggedness,
And, breaking out, like a New SUN,
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Dispell'd their Night of Hereditary Darknes :
Till, by Force of his invincible Influence,

He

He taught them to conquer
 Even the Conquerors of *Germany*.
 Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
 This Commander created them !
 Blush, O ART !
 At a Hero, who ow'd Thee Nothing.
 Exult, O NATURE !
 For Thine was This Prodigy.

*The Inscription on Shakespear's Monument, taken from
 his Works.*

THE Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
 The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself ;
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like the baseless Fabric of a Vision,
 Leave not a Wreck behind.

Ode to Charity. By Miss H. MORE.

I.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
 Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the Skies !
 From the pure Fountain of eternal Light,
 Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
 The beatific Vision shines,
 And Angel with Archangel joins
 In choral Songs to sing his Praise,
 PARENT OF LIFE, ANCIENT OF DAYS!

Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
 Thro' the wide Round of vast Eternity.
 O come, thy warm Benevolence impart,
 Enlarge my Feelings, and expand my Heart !

II.

O thou, enthron'd in Realms above,
 Bright Effluence of that boundless Love,
 Whence Joy and Peace in Streams unfullied flow,
 O deign to make thy lov'd Abode below !
 Tho' sweeter Strains pour'd from my Tongue,
 Than Saint conceiv'd, or Seraph sung,
 And tho' my glowing Fancy caught
 Whatever *Art* or *Nature* taught,
 Yet, if this hard unfeeling Heart of mine
 Ne'er felt thy Force, O CHARITY divine !
 An empty Shadow Science would be found,
 My Knowledge Ignorance, my Wit a Sound.

III.

Tho' my prophetic Spirit knew
 To bring Futurity to View,
 Without thy Aid e'en this would nought avail,
 For Tongues shall cease, and Prophecies shall fail :
 Come then, thou sweet celestial Guest,
 Shed thy soft Influence o'er my Breast;
 Bring with thee FAITH divinely bright,
 And HOPE, fair Harbinger of Light,
 To clear each Mist with their pervading Ray,
 To fit my Soul for Heav'n, and point the Way,
 Where

Where perfect Happiness her Sway maintains,
For there the GOD OF PEACE for ever, ever
reigns.

Virtue the only Nobility. YOUNG.

LET High-birth triumph! What can be more
great?

Nothing—but Merit in a low Estate.

To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer

Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.

Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,

Slight or important, only by their Place?

Titles are Marks of *honest* Men and *wise* :

The Fool, or Knave, that wears a Title, *lies*.

Nothing is meaner than a Wretch of State,

* The Good and Pious are the only Great.

* There is a small Alteration here.

True Ambition. YOUNG.

YE Vain! desist from your erroneous Strife;
Be wise, and quit the false *Sublime* of Life.

The *true* Ambition there alone resides,

Where *Justice* dictates, and where *Wisdom* guides;

Where *inward* Dignity joins *outward* State,

Our *Purpose* good, as our Atchievement great;

Where public *Blessings* public *Praise* attend,

Where Glory is our *Motive*, not our End.

Would'st

Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Keep those high Deeds in
View
Brave Men would act, tho' *Scandal* should ensue.

The Pursuit of Fame.

YOUNG.

WHAT can be emptier than the Chace of
Fame?

How vain the Prize? how impotent our Aim?
For what are Men who grasp at Praise sublime,
But *Bubbles* on the rapid Stream of Time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and *forgot*, ten thousand in an Hour?

Virtue constitutes True Happiness.

POPE.

TO whom can Riches give Repute or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and
Just?

Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh Fool! to think God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover and the Love of Human-kind.

Honour and Shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small Difference made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade;
Worth makes the Man, the Want of it the Fellow;
The Rest is all but Leather or Prunella.

What's

What's Fame ? a fancy'd Life in others Breath,
A Thing beyond us, ev'n before our Death.
A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod ;
An Honest Man's the noblest Work of God.

On Gaming.

YOUNG.

THE Love of Gaming is the worst of Ills,
With ceaseless Storms the blacken'd Soul it
fills,

Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the Ties of Blood,
Destroys the Power, and Will of doing Good,
Kills Health, pawns Honour, plunges in Disgrace,
* And turns an Angel's to a Fury's Face.

* The last Line is altered by the Editor, to make it com-
port with his Design.

On Criminal Pleasures.

YOUNG.

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like Quick-Silver, is bright and
coy ;

We strive to grasp it with our utmost Skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty Gains,
What is it but rank Poison in your Veins ?

The

The Florist moraliz'd.

YOUNG.

WE smile at Florists, we despise their Joy,
 And think their Hearts enamour'd of a Toy;
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with Envy, and pursue with Fire?
 What's he, who fights for Wealth, or Fame or Power?
 Another Florio doating on a Flower,
 A short-liv'd Flower, and which has often sprung
 From fordid Arts, as *Florio's* out of Dung.

On Solitude.

YOUNG.

O Sacred Solitude! divine Retreat!
 Choice of the Prudent! Envy of the Great!
 By thy pure Stream, or in thy waving Shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid:
 The genuine Offspring of her lov'd Embrace,
 (Strangers on Earth) are *Innocence* and *Peace*.
There from the Ways of Men lay'd safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant Tempest roar;
There blest with Health, with Business unperplex'd,
This Life we relish, and ensure the *next*.

The Real Beauty distinguished.

YOUNG.

LET Angel-Forms angelick Truths maintain;
 Nature disjoins the Beauteous and Prophane.
 For what's true Beauty, but fair Virtue's Face?
 Virtue made visible in outward Grace?

She

She then that's haunted with an impious Mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks Man-
kind.

On the Same. A Song by Mr. EARL.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts surprize ;
In Stella's Soul lies all her Power,
And Flavia's in her Eyes.

More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands ;
Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store ;
Thy Charms will ev'ry Day decrease ;
Each Day gives Stella more.

The Fair Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, Celestial Pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet in all my vainest Hours
My Mind has been my Care :

L

Then,

Then, in Return, I beg this Grace,
 As you were ever kind ;
 What envious Time takes from my Face,
 Bestow upon my Mind.

On a Bee stifled in Honey.

FROM Flower to Flower, with eager Pains,
 See the brisk, busy Lab'rer fly ;
 When all that from her Toil she gains,
 Is in her hoarded Sweets to die.

'Tis thus (would Man the Truth believe)
 With Life's soft Sweets, each fav'rite Joy ;
 If we taste wisely, they relieve ;
 But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

The M I R R O U R.

WHEN I revolve this evanescent State,
 How fleeting is its Form, how short its
 Date !

My Being and my Stay dependent still,
 Not on mine own, but on another's Will ;
 I ask myself, as I my Image view,
 Which is the real Shadow of the two.



The Unreasonableness of denying a future State.

GLYNN's Prize Poem on the Day of Judgment.

SCEPTIC ! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the Soul,
That Particle divine, which God's own Breath
Inspir'd into the mortal Mass, shall rest
Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending Line ; tell, if thou know'st,
Why ev'ry Nation, every Clime, tho' all
In Laws, in Rites, in Manners disagree,
With one Consent expect another World,
Where Wickedness shall weep ? Why *Paynim* Bards
Fabled *Elysian* Plains ; *Tartarean* Lakes,
Styx and *Cocytus* ? tell, why *Heli's* Sons
Have feign'd a *Paradise* of Mirth and Love,
Banquets, and blooming Nymphs ? or rather tell,
Why, on the Brink of *Orellana's* Stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred Torch,
Th' untutor'd *Indian* dreams of happier Worlds
Behind the Cloud-topt Hill ? Why in each Breast
Is plac'd a friendly Monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids ?
Tell, why on unknown Evil Grief attends ;
Or Joy on secret Good ? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold Force, when Sickness, Age, or Pain
Stands tott'ring on the Precipice of Death ?
Or why such Horror gnaws the guilty Soul
Of dying Sinners ; while the good Man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a Smile expires ?

*The Grand Distinction betwixt the Virtuous and the
Wicked reserved for another State.* GLYNN.

LOOK round the World! with what a partial
Hand

The Scale of Bliss and Misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the Shade of cold Obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no Arm supports her Head,
No friendly Voice speaks Comfort to her Soul,
Nor soft-ey'd Pity drops a melting Tear;
But, in their Stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd Wanderer: On she goes
Neglected and forlorn: Disease, and Cold,
And Famine worst of Ills her Steps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just Will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your Eyes to yon sweet-smelling Bow'r,
Where flush'd with all the Insolence of Wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th' *Arabian* Gale
Breathes forth delicious Odours; *Gallia's* Hills
For him pour Nectar from the purple Vine;
Nor think for these he pays the Tribute due
To Heav'n: Of Heav'n he never names the Name;
Save when with Imprecations dark and dire
He points his Jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy Cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high Exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft Opiate o'er his peaceful Couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father! See'st thou
this,

And

And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall Good and Ill
 Be carried undistinguish'd to the Land
 Where all Things are forgot?—Ah! no; the Day
 Will come, when Virtue from the Cloud shall burst
 That long obscur'd her Beams; when Sin shall fly
 Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
 In penal Darkness; where nor Star shall rise,
 Nor ever Sunshine pierce th' impervious Gloom.

The GREAT TRIBUNAL. GLYNN.

ON that great Day the solemn Trump shall
 found,
 (That Trump which once in Heaven on Man's
 Revolt,
 Convok'd th' astonish'd Seraphs;) at whose Voice
 Th'unpeopled Graves shall pour forth all their Dead.
 Then shall th' assembled Nations of the Earth
 From ev'ry Quarter at the Judgment Seat
 Unite; *Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,*
Parthians; and they who dwelt on *Tyber's Banks*,
 Names fam'd of old: Or who of later Age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
 Tenant the wide *Terrene*; and they who pitch
 Their Tents on *Niger's Banks*; or where the Sun
 Pours on *Golconda's* Spires his early Light
 Drink *Ganges' sacred Stream*. At once shall rise
 Whom distant Ages to each others Sight
 Had long denied: Before the Throne shall kneel
 Some

Some great Progenitor, while at his Side
 Stands his Descendant thro' a thousand Lines.
 Whate'er their Nation, and whate'er their Rank,
 Heroes and Patriarchs, Slaves and sceptred Kings,
 With equal Eye the God of All shall see,
 And judge with equal Love.

The END of the WORLD. GLYNN.

HOW shall the Muse, her Numbers all too
 weak,
 Tell how that restless Element of Fire
 Shall wage with Seas and Earth intestine War,
 And deluge all Creation? Whether (so
 Some think) the Comet, as thro' Fields of Air
 Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
 Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconscious Earth
 Rolls in her wonted Course; whether the Sun
 With Force centripetal into his Orb
 Attract her long reluctant; or the Caves,
 Those dread Vulcanos where engend'ring Iye
 Sulphureous Minerals, from their dark Abyss
 Pour Streams of liquid Fire; while from above,
 A-erit on *Sodom*, Heav'n's avenging Hand
 Rains fierce Combustion. — Where are now the
 Works
 Of Art, the Toil of Ages? Where are now
 Th' Imperial Cities, Sepulchres and Domes,
 Trophies and Pillars? — Where is *Egypt's* Boast,
 Those lofty Pyramids which high in Air

Rear'd

Rear'd their aspiring Heads, to distant Times
 Of *Memphian* Pride a lasting Monument?—
 Tell me where *Athens* rais'd her Towers?—Where
Thebes

Open'd her Hundred Portals?—Tell me where
 Stood Sea-girt *Albion*?—Where Imperial *Rome*
 Propt by Seven Hills sat like a sceptred Queen,
 And aw'd the tributary World to Peace?—
 Shew me the Rampart, which o'er many a Hill
 Thro' many a Valley stretch'd its wide Extent,
 Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel
 The roving *Tartar*, when with Insult rude
 'Gainst *Pekin's* Towers he bent th' unerring Bow.

But what is mimic Art? ev'n Nature's Works,
 Seas, Meadows, Pastures, the meand'ring Streams,
 And everlasting Hills shall be no more.
 No more shall *Teneriff* cloud-piercing Height
 O'er-hang th' *Atlantic* Surge.—Nor that fam'd Cliff
 Thro' which the *Persian* steer'd with many a Sail,
 Throw to the *Lemnian* Isle its Evening Shade
 O'er half the wide *Ægean*.—Where's *Ararat*,
 That Hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark,
 Which seven long Months had voyag'd o'er its Top,
 First rested, when the Earth with all her Sons,
 As now by streaming Cataracts of Fire,
 Was whelm'd by mighty Waters?—All at once
 Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no Trace remains,
 No Mark of vain Distinction: Heaven itself
 That azure Vault with all those radiant Orbs

Sinks

Sinks in the universal Ruin lost.—

No more shall Planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious Dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her Silver Lamp; and those fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden Canopy of Night,
Which oft the *Tuscan* with his optic Glafs
Call'd from their wond'rous Height, to read their
Names

And Magnitude, some winged Minister
Shall quench; and (surest Sign that all on Earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic Bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose Coming who shall tell; for as a Thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent Pace
Thro' Night's dark Gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit
And rudely carol these incondite Lays, [Mouth
Soon shall the Hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lifts the fault'ring Strain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent Hour;
But find me wrapt in Meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

“ Power supreme !

“ O everlasting King ! to Thee I kneel,

“ To Thee I lift my Voice. With fervent Heat

“ Melt all ye Elements ! And Thou, high Heav'n

“ Shrink, like a shrivell'd Scroll ! But think, O
Lord,

“ Think on the best, the noblest of thy Works ;

“ Think on thine own bright Image ! Think on
Him

“ Who

“ Who dy’d to save Us from thy righteous Wrath ;
 “ And ’midst the Wreck of Worlds remember
 Man ! ”

L E S S O N S

C H I E F L Y I N

P R O S E.

The Advantages of early Piety. TILLOTSON.

YOUNG Years are tender and easily wrought upon, apt to be moulded into any Fashion ; they are like moist and soft Clay, which is pliable to any Form ; but soon grows hard, and then nothing is to be made of it. It is a very difficult Thing to make Impressions upon Age, and to deface the Evil which hath been deeply imprinted upon young and tender Minds. When good Instruction hath been neglected at first, a conceited Ignorance doth commonly take Possession, and obstruct all the Passages through which Knowledge and Wisdom should enter into us.

Upon this Consideration the Work of Religion should be begun by Times, because it is a mighty

M

Ad-

Advantage to any Thing to be planted in a Ground that is newly broken up. It is just the same Thing for young Persons to be enter'd into a religious Course, and to have their Minds habituated to Virtue before vicious Customs have got Place and Strength in us: For whoever shall attempt this afterwards will meet with infinite Difficulty and Opposition, and must dispute his Ground by Inches.

It is good therefore to do that which must be done one Time or other, when it is easiest to be done; when we may do it with the greatest Advantage, and are likely to meet with the least and weakest Opposition. We should anticipate Vice and prevent the Devil and the World, by letting God into our Hearts betimes, and giving Religion the first Seisin and Possession of our Souls. This is the Time of sowing our Seed, which must by no Means be neglected. For the Soul will not lie fallow; Good or Evil will come up. If our Minds be not cultivated by Religion, Sin and Vice will get the Possession of them: But if our tender Years be seasoned with the Knowledge and Fear of God, this in all Probability will have a good Influence upon the following Course of our Lives.

The Preciousness of Time. TILLOTSON.

TIME is the Season and Opportunity of carrying on of any Work, and for that Reason
is

is one of the most valuable Things ; and yet nothing is more wastefully spent, and more prodigally squandered away by a great Part of Mankind than this, which, next to our immortal Souls, is of all Things most precious ; because upon the right Use or Abuse of our Time, our eternal Happiness or Misery does depend. Men have generally some Guard upon themselves, as to their Money and Estates, and will not with Eyes open suffer others to rob and deprive them of it : But we will let any Body almost rob us of our Time, and are contented to expose this precious Treasure to every Body's Rapine and Extortion, and can quietly look on, while Men thrust in their Hands and take it out by whole Handfuls, as if it were of no greater Value than Silver was in *Solomon's* Days, no more than the Stones in the Street. And yet when it is gone, all the Silver and Gold in the World cannot purchase and fetch back the least Moment of it, when perhaps we would give all the World for a very small Part of that Time, which we parted with upon such cheap and easy Terms.

The Guilt of Lying.

TILLOTSON.

TRUTH and Faithfulness are divine Perfections ; but Lying and Falshood are the Properties of the Devil, and the predominant Qualities of Hell.

No Man can be cruel and unmerciful, false and treacherous, without a very high Degree of Guilt ; because these Sins are contrary to the chiefest and most essential Perfections of GOD. Lying is a Sin that would fly in the Face of an Heathen, because it directly contradicts those natural Notions which every Man hath of GOD and Religion ; therefore we find that there is hardly any Thing that Men are more ashamed of than to be taken in a Lie, and it is esteemed the highest Reproach to be charged with it ; it argues such a direct Contrariety to that which is the Rule of Perfection, “ the Nature of God,” and consequently so much Imperfection and Baseness ; he that tells a Lie out of Fear, is at once bold towards GOD, and base towards Men.

The Evil of corrupt Communication. TILLOTSON.

ALL corrupt and filthy Communication is a notorious Abuse of one of the greatest and best Gifts which GOD hath given us, and does directly contradict the natural End and Use of Speech. Our Tongue is our Glory, as the holy Psalmist often calls it, who had duly considered the Excellency and Use of this Faculty, and took great Care to employ it to the Purposes to which GOD gave it, and is herein an admirable Pattern to us.

The two great Ends for which this Faculty of Speech is given us, are to glorify GOD our Maker,
and

and to edify Man our Neighbour: But all corrupt Communication contradicts both these Ends; because, instead of praising God with pure Hearts and Lips, we do greatly dishonour him, by polluting our Tongues with lewd and filthy Talk. For hereby we offer a direct Affront to his holy Nature and Laws. This renders us altogether unfit for the Worship and Service of Almighty God, who is "of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity" and Impurity of any Kind. For how can we think that he will accept those Prayers and Praises, which are offered to him by such impure and unhallowed Lips? when we dishonour God with the same Mouth, that we pretend to glorify him? and commit Sin with the same Tongue that we confess it? How can we hope that he will accept the Sacrifice of such polluted Lips, out of which proceed Things so contrary and inconsistent?

Against Profaneness in Ordinary Conversation.

TILLOTSON.

AS all Kind of Profaneness is unprofitable, so more especially customary Swearing in ordinary Conversation, upon every Occasion of Passion, or any other trivial Cause, nay it may be without Cause, out of mere Habit and Custom. Now what can possibly be imagined to be the Profit or Pleasure of this Vice? sensual Pleasure in it there can be none, because it is not founded in the
Temper

Temper of the Body: A Man may be naturally prone to Anger or Lust; but no Man I think is born with a swearing Constitution.

And there is as little Profit as Pleasure in it; for the common and trivial Use of Oaths makes them perfectly insignificant to their End, and is so far from giving Credit to a Man's Word, that it rather weakens the Reputation of it.

The pernicious Tendency of Idleness. TILLOTSON.

IDLENESS is the Bane and Ruin of Children; it is the unbending of their Spirits, the Rust of their Faculties, and as it were the laying of their Minds fallow; not as Husbandmen do their Lands that they may get new Heart and Strength, but to impair and lose that which they have. Children that are bred up in Laziness are almost necessarily bad, because they cannot take the Pains to be good; and they cannot take Pains, because they have never been inured and accustomed to it; which makes their Spirits restive, and when you have Occasion to quicken them and spur them up to Business, they will stand stock still. The Devil tempts the Active and Vigorous into his Service, knowing what fit and proper Instruments they are to do his Drudgery: But the Slothful and Idle, nobody having hired them and set them to Work, lie in his Way, and he stumbles upon them as he goes about;

about; and they do as it were offer themselves to his Service, and having nothing to do, they even tempt the Devil himself to tempt them, and to take them in his Way.

The Vanity of Good Resolutions without suitable Endeavours. TILLOTSON.

A Sincere Resolution of a better Course does imply a Resolution of the Means, as well as of the End; he that is truly resolved against any Sin, is likewise resolved against the Occasions and Temptations that would lead and draw him to it; otherwise he hath taken up a rash and foolish Resolution, which he is not like to keep, because he did not resolve upon that which was necessary to the keeping of it. So he that resolves upon any Part of his Duty, must likewise resolve upon the Means which are necessary to the Discharge and Performance of it; he that is resolved to be just in his Dealing, and to pay his Debts, must be diligent in his Calling, and mind his Business, because without this he cannot do the other; for nothing can be more vain and fond, than for a Man to pretend that he is resolved upon doing his Duty, when he neglects any Thing that is necessary to put him into a Capacity, and to further him in the Discharge of it. This is, as if a Man should resolve to be well, and yet never take Physic, or be careless in observing the Rules which are prescribed in
order

order to his Health. So for a Man to resolve against Drunkenness, and yet to run himself upon the Temptations which naturally lead to it, by frequenting the Company of lewd and intemperate Persons, this is, as if a Man should resolve against the Plague, and run into the Pest-house. Whatever can reasonably move a Man to be resolved upon any End, will, if this Resolution be wise and honest, determine him as strongly to use the Means which are proper and necessary to that End.

The Reverence due to Conscience. TILLOTSON.

WE should reverence our Consciences, and stand in Awe of them, and have a great Regard to their Testimony and Verdict: For Conscience is a domestic Judge, and a Kind of familiar God: And therefore, next to the supreme Majesty of Heaven and Earth, every Man should be afraid to offend his own Reason and Conscience, which, whenever we knowingly do amiss, will beat us with many Stripes, and handle us more severely than the greatest Enemy we have in the World: So that, next to the dreadful Sentence of the great Day, every Man hath Reason to dread the Sentence of his own Conscience. "God indeed is greater than our Hearts, and knoweth all Things;" but under him, we have the greatest Reason to fear the Judgment of our own Consciences: For nothing
but

but that can give us Comfort, and nothing can create so much Trouble and Disquiet to us.

The Comforts of a good Conscience. TILLOTSON.

THERE is certainly no such Comfort under the Evils and Afflictions of this Life, as a faithful Witness in our Breasts of our own Innocency and Integrity: When we are afflicted by God, or persecuted and reviled by Men, it cannot but be a mighty Consolation to us, to be conscious to our selves of our own Sincerity. For tho' no Man can acquit and justify himself before God, as to the perfect Innocency of his Life, yet as to the general Course and Tenor of an unblameable Life, a good Man may appeal to God, and even when he afflicts him, may look upon him as a tender and compassionate Father, and not as an angry and revengeful Judge. But above all other Times, the Comfort of a good Conscience is most sensible, and most considerable at the Hour of Death: For as nothing dejects a Man's Spirits more, and sends him down with so much Sorrow to the Grave, as the Guilt of an evil Conscience; so on the other Hand, there is nothing that revives and raises the fainting Spirits of a dying Man, like the Conscience of a holy and useful Life, which hath brought Glory to God and Good to Men.

Divine Goodness in the Creation. WATTS.

THE most universal and conspicuous Appearances both of the Earth and Sky, are designed for the Convenience, the Profit and Pleasure of all the Animal Creation: All that we see above us, and all beneath us, is suited to our Nourishment or to our Delight. What is more necessary for the Support of Life, than *Food*? Behold the Earth is cover'd with it all around; Grass, Herbs and Fruits for Beasts and Men, were ordain'd to overspread all the Surface of the Ground, so that an Animal could scarce wander any where, but his Food was near him. Amazing Provision for such an immense Family!

What is more joyful than the *Light*? Truly the *Light is sweet* (says the wisest of Men) and a *pleasant Thing 'tis to behold the Light of the Sun*. See the whole Circuit of the Heavens is replenish'd with Sun-beams, so that while the Day lasts, wheresoever the Eye is placed, 'tis surrounded with this Enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general Blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular Varieties of the Creation. 'Tis Light conveys to our Notice all the Riches of the Divine Workmanship; without it Nature would be a huge and eternal Blank, and her infinite Beauties for ever unknown.

Again;

Again ; What are the sweetest *Colours* in Nature, the most delightful to the Eye, and most refreshing too ? Surely the *Green* and the *Blue* claim this Pre-eminence. Common Experience, as well as Philosophy, tells us, that Bodies of *Blue* and *Green* Colours send us such Rays of Light to our Eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive ; we can endure them longest ; whereas the *Red* and the *Yellow*, or *Orange* Colour, send more uneasy Rays in Abundance, and give greater Confusion and Pain to the Eye ; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent Gazing ; therefore the divine Goodness dress'd all the Heavens in *Blue*, and the Earth in *Green*. Our Habitation is overhung with a Canopy of most beautiful *Azure*, and a rich verdant Pavement is spread under our Feet, that the Eye may be pleas'd and easy, wheresoever it turns itself, and that the most universal Objects it has to converse with might not impair the Spirits and make the Sense weary.

1. When God the new-made World survey'd,
His Word pronounc'd the Building good ;
Sun-beams and *Light* the Heavens array'd,
And the whole Earth was crown'd with *Food*.
2. Colours that charm and ease the Eye,
His Pencil spread all Nature round ;
With pleasing *Blue* he arch'd the Sky,
And a *Green* Carpet dress'd the Ground.

3. Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
 That Nature wants, or Skill, or Care ;
 But turn their Eyes all round in vain,
 T' avoid their Maker's Goodness there.

DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.

SPECTATOR.

THE Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence, keeps up a perpetual Chearfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his nearest and best Friend. The Time never lies heavy upon him : It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are most inactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Author and Supporter of its Existence.

True Religion of universal Influence, and always the same.

WHICHCOTE.

RELIGION doth possess and affect the whole Man : In the Understanding it is Knowledge ;
 in

in the Life it is Obedience; in the Affections it is Delight in God; in our Carriage and Behaviour, it is Modesty, Calmness, Gentleness, Quietness, Candour, Ingenuity; in our Dealings, it is Uprightness, Integrity, Correspondence with the Rules of Righteousness: Religion makes Men virtuous in all Instances. Religion itself is always the same, but Things about Religion are not always the same; these have not in them the Power or Virtue of Religion; they are not of a sanctifying Nature; they do not purify our Minds as Things of a moral Nature do; so that Religion may stand without them.

On the Sufferings of CHRIST.

BURGH's Dignity of human Nature.

BEHOLD the Innocent arraigned before the Guilty. The most amiable of Characters treated worse than the most odious deserves at any human Hands. The future Judge of Mankind brought before a human Tribunal. He who did no Sin, and in whose Mouth was found no Guile, sentenced to die, and a Robber and Murderer pardoned. They, for whom the Saviour of the World came from Heaven to give his precious Life, long to imbrue their Hands in the very Blood which was to be shed for them. O, the diabolical Fury of Hypocrisy detected! Crucify him; crucify him; cry the

the bloody Priests, and the blinded People echo back the madning Voice. But will the LORD of Life suffer himself to be spoiled of Life by a Set of miserable Worms, whom he can crush to nothing in a Moment? No. He lays it down of himself; no Man takes, or can take it from him. He came to lay down his Life for the Life of the World. And if daring Mortals will be so impious as to stretch forth unhallowed Hands against him, the Decree of Heaven will nevertheless be fulfilled, and they who will heap Damnation upon themselves, shall be left to the Destruction they have sought. Yet hold your butchering Hands, unthinking Wretches. Or if his sacred Blood must stream to wash a sinful World from Guilt; let the High-Priest with Reverence offer him on the Altar, the true, the last, the only effectual Sacrifice for Sin. So shall you, and your Nation, escape the Destruction which hangs over you. — They harden their rocky Hearts against all Sense of Pity. They urge their own Destruction. Let not then the Eye of Day behold so black a Deed. Let Heaven hide its Face from such a Sight. They pierce those Hands, whose salutary Touch gave Health and Strength, and those Feet which went about doing Good. They stretch him on the Cross. They stop their Ears against the Groans of suffering Innocence. But the inanimate Earth feels, and shakes with Horror at the Impiety of her Inhabitants. The Rocks burst in Pieces, and Nature is in Agonies.

The

The Sleep of Death is broken by the Convulsion. The Graves open their Throats, and cast up the ghastly Dead. An unseen Hand rends the Veil of the Temple, and exposes the holy Place, into which it was forbidden to enter. His Agonies now grow stronger. His Pangs redouble. The Choirs of Angels mourn the Sufferings of their Prince. Hell is moved, and the Dæmons enjoy a short Triumph. Darknefs covers the Face of Nature, and Chaos seems ready to swallow all. He calls on his God and Father, the Witness of his Innocence, and Approver of his Obedience. He prays for those by whose murdering Hands he dies. He raises his Voice aloud. His Strength is yet entire. But having finished the Work, and the Prophecies being accomplished, by his own original Power over his own Life, he resigns his Soul into the Hands of the great Father of all, and, bowing his Head, expires. He dies ; and yet his Murderers live. His Death raises a guilty World to Life. Tremendous Mystery ! not to be explained, 'till the Veil of Time be rent asunder, and Eternity expose to View the amazing Scene of Divine Government, too vast for mortal Comprehension. Glory to God in the Highest ! On Earth Peace, and Good-will towards Men !



On S E R I O U S N E S S.

AH my Friends! while we *laugh* all Things are serious around us: GOD is serious, who exerciseth Patience toward us; CHRIST is serious, who shed his Blood for us; the HOLY GHOST is serious, who striveth against the Obstinacy of our Hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our Ears the most serious Things in the World; the Holy Sacraments represent the most serious and awful Matters; the whole Creation is serious in serving GOD and us; all that are in Heaven and Hell are serious: how then can we be gay?—To give these excellent Words their full Force, it should be known that they came not from the Priesthood, but the Court; and from a * Courtier, as eminent as *England* ever boasted.

* SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM.

On the Efficacy of good Example. TILLOTSON.

GOOD Example is an unspeakable Benefit to Mankind, and hath a secret Power and Influence upon those with whom we converse, to form them into the same Disposition and Manners. It is a living Rule that teacheth Men without Trouble, and lets them see their Faults without open Reproof and Upbraiding. Besides that it adds great Weight to a Man's Counsel and Persuasion,

suasion, when we see that he advises nothing but what he does, nor exacts any Thing from others, from which he himself desires to be excused. On the contrary, nothing is more cold and insignificant than good Counsel from a bad Man, one that does not obey his own Precepts, nor follow the Advice which he is so forward to give to others.

The Advantage of Example beyond Precepts. SCOT.

PRECEPTS and Discourses of Virtue are only the Pictures, and artificial Descriptions of it: A virtuous Example is Virtue animated, and exposed to our View in all its living Charms and Attractions; and therefore by how much Nature exceeds Art, and the most accomplished Beauties excell their Statues and Pictures, by so much is Virtue in Examples more amiable and attractive than in Precepts and Discourses. In good Examples we see Virtue alive, and in Motion, exerting itself in the most comely Actions and graceful Gestures.

*Letter from Mr. GAY to Mr. F***.*

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is scarce any Thing

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that

that can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man of about Five and Twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of Green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any other Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage. It was that

that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for her Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and spied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eyebrow was singed, and there appear-

ed a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt Church-Yard*.

Your, &c.

Human Life a Pilgrimage, illustrated by an Eastern Story. SPECTATOR.

A DERVISE, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by a Mistake, as thinking it to be a public Inn or Caravanfary. Having looked about him for some Time, he entered into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Der-vise* told them, he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravanfary. The Guards let him know in a very angry Manner, that the House he was in, was not a Caravanfary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Der-vise*, asked him how he could possibly be so
dull

dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me Leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? the King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? the King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him *that it was he himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son*. “Ah Sir! said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a Palace but “a *Caravansary*.”

*The present Life considered merely in itself a low
Scene of Action.*

BURNET'S Theory.

WHAT is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw ourselves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we
are

are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in *this* worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

The Folly and Danger of Procrastination in Religion.

TILLOTSON.

THERE is no greater Evidence that a Man doth not really intend to do a Thing, than when notwithstanding he ought upon all Accounts, and may in all Respects better do it at present than hereafter, yet he still puts it off. Whatever thou pretendest, this is a meer Shift to get rid of a present Trouble. It is like giving good Words, and making fair Promises to a clamorous and importunate Creditor, and appointing him to come another Day, when the Man knows in his Conscience that he intends not to pay him, and that he shall be less able to discharge the Debt then, than he is at present. Whatever Reasons thou hast against reforming thy Life now, will still remain and be in as full Force

Force hereafter, nay probably stronger than they are at present. Thou art unwilling now, and so thou wilt be hereafter, and in all Likelihood much more unwilling. So that this Reason will every Day improve upon thy Hands, and have so much the more Strength by how much the longer thou continuest in thy Sins. Thou hast no Reason in the World against the present Time but only that it is present; why when hereafter comes to be present the Reason will be just the same. So that thy present Unwillingness is so far from being a just Reason against it, that it is a good Reason the other Way; because thou art unwilling now, and like to be more so hereafter; if thou intendest to do it at all thou shouldest set about it immediately, and without Delay. In Matters of great and necessary Concernment, and which must be done, there is no greater Argument of a weak and impotent Mind than Irresolution; to be undetermined where the Case is so plain and the Necessity so urgent; to be always about doing that which we are convinced must be done.

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.

We are always intending to live a new Life, but can never find a Time to set about it. This is as if a Man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one Day and Night to another, till he have starved and destroyed himself.

The

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggled with continued Sorow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The desperate Bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes. 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
This Day like all the former flies ;

Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

PRIOR.

An Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.

GREY.

THE Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his drony Flight,
And drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tow'r
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid, [Heap,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

X The

The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
 The Swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shed,
 The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
 Or busy Housewife ply her Evening Care:
 No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
 Or climb his Knees the envied Kifs to share.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
 Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their Teams a-field!
 How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
 Their homely Joys, and Destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile,
 The short and simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable Hour.

The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the Fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn Ile and fretted Vault
 The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

Can storied Urn or animated Bust

Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?

Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,

Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?

P

Perhaps

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
 Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire ;
 Hands, that the Rod of Empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to Extasy the living Lyre.

But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
 Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
 And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear ;
 Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.

Some Village-*Hampden*, that with dauntless Breast
 The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
 Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his Country's Blood.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
 The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
 To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
 And read their History in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade through Slaughter to a Throne,
 And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind.

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With Incense kindled at the Muse's Flame.

Far

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
 Their sober Wishes never learnt to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
 They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
 Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth Rhimes and shapeless Sculpture
 deck'd,
 Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd
 Muse,
 The Place of Fame and Elegy supply :
 And many a holy Text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
 This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring Look behind ?

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
 Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate,

- Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 ‘ Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
 ‘ Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away
 ‘ To meet the Sun upon the Upland Lawn.
 ‘ There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech,
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high,
 ‘ His listless Length at Noon-tide would he stretch,
 ‘ And pore upon the Brook that babbles by.
 ‘ Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward Fancies he wou’d rove;
 ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Orcraz’d with Care, or cross’d in hopeless Love.
 ‘ One Morn I miss’d him on the ‘custom’d Hill;
 ‘ Along the Heath, and near his fav’rite Tree,
 ‘ Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,
 ‘ Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.
 ‘ The next with Dirges due in sad Array
 ‘ Slow through the Church-way Path we saw him
 borne,
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the Lay,
 ‘ Grav’d on the Stone beneath you aged Thorn.’

The E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble Birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a Recompence as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a Tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
 Friend.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
 Or draw his Frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
 The Bosom of his Father and his God.

Reflections on a solitary Walk in Westminster-Abby.

SPECTATOR.

WHEN I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by myself in *Westminster-Abby*; Where the Gloominess of the Place, and the Use to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a Kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I know that Entertainments of this Nature are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations: but for my own Part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a View of Nature in her deep and solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means I can improve myself with those Objects which
 others

others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me ; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out ; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-Stone, my Heart melts with Compassion ; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow : When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that died Yesterday, and some Six Hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

Reflections on the Dissolution of the visible World.

BURNET'S Theory.

LET us reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World. How by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and
adored

adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished ; and another Form and Face of Things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities ? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory ? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference, or Distinction, do you see in this Mass of Fire ? *Rome* itself, eternal *Rome*, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the History of this Earth ; what is become of her now ? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous ; *She glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart I fit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow :* But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Place is no where found.* Here stood the *Alps*, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea ; this huge Mass of Stone is softened and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds ; there was frozen

zen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the Mountains of Asia; and yonder towards the North, stood the Riphæan Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All these are vanish'd, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and marvellous are thy Works, just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah!*

Contemplations on future Blessedness a noble Source of Joy to the true Christian.

TILLOTSON.

WITH what Joy should we think of those “great and glorious Things which God hath prepared for them that love him, of that Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, which fadeth not away, reserved for us in the Heavens?” How should we welcome the Thoughts of that happy Hour, when we shall make our Escape out of these Prisons, when we shall pass out “of this howling Wilderneck into the promised Land,” when we shall be removed from all the Troubles and Temptations of a wicked and ill-natured World; when we shall be past all Storms, and secured from all further Danger of Shipwreck, and shall be safely landed in the Regions of Bliss and Immortality?

O blessed Time! “when all Tears shall be wiped from our Eyes, and Death and Sorrow
“shall

“ shall be no more ; when Mortality shall be
 “ swallowed up of Life,” and we shall enter upon
 the Possession of all that Happiness and Glory
 which God hath promised, and our Faith hath be-
 lieved, and our Hopes have raised us to the Expec-
 tation of ; when we shall be eased of all our Pains,
 and resolved of all our Doubts, and be purged from
 all our Sins, and be freed from all our Fears, and
 be happy beyond all our Hopes, and have all this
 Happiness secured to us beyond the Power of Time
 and Change ; when we shall know God and other
 Things without Study, and love him and one ano-
 ther without Measure, and serve and praise him
 without Weariness, and obey his Will without Re-
 luctancy ; and shall still be more and more delight-
 ed in the knowing, and loving, and praising, and
 obeying of God to all Eternity.

Eternity ! that boundless Race,
 Which Time himself can never run,
 Swift as he flies with an unwearied Pace,
 Which when Ten Thousand Thousand Years are
 done,
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.

CONGREVE.

A DECLAMATION.

HOLMES'S Compendium.

LYCURGUS *was a famous Law-giver to the Lace-
 demonians, once the most warlike People of Greece.*

Q

Among

Among many of whose Laws one was; That it should be deemed Capital for any Boy to fight in the War, who was under Age. But so it happened once, that the State being in imminent Danger, a Lad, not yet called to Arms by the Law, headed the Troops, and routed the Enemy. For which, by the aforesaid Law, being condemned to die, He thus defends himself.

O JUDGES,

YE have now before you a Soldier, the most unhappy of any who ever proved victorious ; but of them, whom Valour has made unfortunate, the most innocent. Never did I breathe freer Air, or was more Master of myself, than when I fought ; nor ever so miserably enslaved, as when I had conquered ; having warred against my own Life, and overcame it. But, Gentlemen, I would not have you think that I am at all dejected or cast down at the Matter, unless I could persuade myself that I'm to lose a Life more dear to me than my *Country* ; that *Country*, (I speak boldly, and as it becomes a Soldier) which I see you, by passing such Sentences as these, are about utterly to overthrow. You bring against me *Laws* I dare not call in Question, and cite such Clauses as condemn my Childhood ; as tho' the very same *Law* had not commanded us first to close with that universal Principle *Of doing Good to the Commonwealth*. It was in vain, when our *Country* was fiercely invaded on
every

every Side by the thickest Troops, her Strength almost tired out and exhausted by the Tedioufness of Battle, and she as it were at the last Gasp—In such a Posture of Affairs, I say, 'twas in vain to consult the Slackness of the *Laws*, when ye yourselves can't but allow that the Remedies ought to have been immediate. Neither is it much Matter, when a *Soldier's* hot in Fight, whether by the Law he's call'd to Arms or by his Enemies, if so be he conquers. O dull, heavy, senseless *Law* ! to pronounce Death on a Warrior, who could not chuse but fight ! and on a Conqueror, who fighting could not but overcome!—But that which vexes me most, and cuts me even to the Heart, is, that I'm still call'd a *Boy* : Ask my Enemies, I beg of you, (who I suppose did not fight with *Rattles*) how like a *Man* I behaved myself in the Battle, who so often to their Cost did feel what this Arm can do. But if I must die because I am a *Boy*, and under Age ; certainly the same *Law* which condemns *Boys*, justifies and commands the *Valiant* to be protected ; and if you make any Question of my Fortitude, I'd have you only call to Mind my late *Victory*. Consider but the Numbers which were slain and taken Prisoners by this Hand of mine. I call many of you here present, who stood there fighting, at least with your Eyes and Wishes for your *Country*, to witness what great Things I alone did there for you. *How deplorable is my Case !* That *I* (by whom you live and still remain *Judges*)

should endanger my own Life, to protect and preserve those Mouths, who now in particular are about to pronounce me guilty, and worthy of Death !—However, if you still make me out a *Boy*, why am I not accounted guilty of Rashness and Inconsideracy in this Action, unless my speedy Victory has more than equall'd your deliberate Consultations? Tho' far be such a Reproach from the *Lacedemonians*, to stile him a *Boy*, whose Valour has equalled him to the best of your *Warriors*. But to come to the Point ; O *Spartans* ! why are ye so nice in prying into, and condemning me of a Crime, which ye yourselves are *accessary* to in suffering it to be? Nevertheless, be that as it will, I'm willing the whole *Disshonour* of the Victory, if it be a *Disshonour*, should be laid on me alone. If you look upon it as a Crime for acting thus in my *Minority*, let me be slain, lest if I live I should do so again when the Enemy's Army returns, at which Time, perhaps, you'll have Need of a whole Regiment of such *Boys*. If I am condemn'd for *fighting*, shew me no Favour, but let me suffer ; that so I may appear more gloriously valiant by being found guilty, than by being acquitted. *To conclude*, if my returning *victorious* be a capital Crime, bring hither your Torments, the most sweet Rewards of a Conqueror ; who think it my Duty, that I, who by my *Valour* have preserved the sacred *Laws* and *Ordinances* of my *Country* from the destroying Hand of the Enemy, should, if they require it, even satisfy them with my *Blood*.

On

On the MORNING.

HERVEY.

ONLY the wakeful Lark has left her Nest, and is mounting on high to salute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, she seems to call the laborious Husbandman to his Toil, and all her Fellow-Songsters to their Notes. Earliest of Birds, Companion of the Dawn, may I always rise at thy Voice! Rise to offer the *Matin-Song*; and adore that beneficent Being, “who maketh the Outgoings of the Morning and Evening to rejoice.” O how charming to rove abroad, at this sweet *Hour of Prime*! to enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taste the unrifled Freshness of the Air!

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds. MILT.

What a Pleasure do the Sons of *Sloth* lose? Little, ah! little is the Sluggard sensible how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for one of the poorest of all animal Gratifications.——Is it the Surmise of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with Shame; to see so many supinely stretch’d on their drowsy Pillows? Shall Man be lost in luxurious Ease? Shall Man waste these precious Hours in idle Slumbers, while the vigorous Sun is up, and going on his Maker’s Errand? While all the feathered Choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony?—No.—Let *him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the

the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling with the rising Odours, the more refined Breath of Praise.

On the Worth of Time.

BISHOP *Atterbury* in his advanced Years thus speaks in a Letter to Mr. *Pope*:—I, who squandered whole Days heretofore, now husband Hours, when the Glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on Trifles. At the End of the Lottery of Life, our last Minutes, like Tickets left in the Wheel, rise in their Valuation. They are not of so much Worth, perhaps, in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with Reason.

On the Improvement of Time.

HERVEY.

YE that are vigorous in Health, and blooming in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours to the noblest of all Purposes; such as may render you meet for the Inheritance of the Saints in Light; and ascertain your Title to a State of immortal Youth, to a Crown of eternal Glory. Stand not all the Prime of your Day idle; trifle no longer with the Offers of this immense Felicity: But make Haste and delay not
the

the Time to keep God's Commandments. While you are loitering in a gay Insensibility, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for speedy Victims. — Not long ago, I happened to spy a thoughtless Jay. The poor Bird was idly busied in dressing his pretty Plumes, or hopping carelessly from Spray to Spray, A Sportsman coming by observed the feather'd Rover, and immediately lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind flies the leaden Death, and in a Moment lays the silly Creature breathless on the Ground. — Such, *such* may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occasion of obtaining Grace To-day; and wantonly postpones the Improvement of it till To-morrow. He may be cut off in the Midst of his Folly; and ruined for ever, while he is dreaming of being wise hereafter.

On the Uncertainty of Life.

HARVEY.

O How thin is the Partition between this World and another! how short the Passage from Time to Eternity! the Partition nothing more than the Breath in our Nostrils, and the Transition may be made in the twinkling of an Eye. Poor *Chremylus* arose from the Diversion of the Card-Table and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkness. — One Night, *Corinna* was all gaiety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball. The
next

next Night she lay pale and stiff; an extended Corpse, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering dead. Young *Atticus* lived to see his ample and commodious Seat completed; but not to spend one joyous Hour under the stately Roof. The Sashes were hung to admit the Day; but the Master's Eyes are closed in endless Night. The Apartments were furnished to invite Society, or administer Repose; but their Lord rests in the lower Parts of the Earth, in the solitary, silent Chambers of the Tomb. The Gardens were planned, and a thousand elegant Decorations designed; but alas! their intended Possessor is gone down to "the Place of Skulls," is gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Legions, *Legions* of Disasters such as no Prudence can foresee, and no Care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our Doom.

So frail, so extremely fine is the Thread of Life, that it not only bursts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The most common Occurrences, those from which we expect not the least Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Destruction: Nay our very Comforts may become killing. The Air we breathe may be our Bane; and the Food we eat the Vehicle of Death. Since then we are so liable to be dispossessed of this Earthly Tabernacle, let us look upon ourselves only as *Tenants at Will*, and hold ourselves in perpetual Readiness to depart at a Moment's Warning.

The

The Emperor ADRIAN to his departing Soul.

Translated by Mr. POPE.

AH fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender Breast,
Must thou no more this Frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL Spark of Heavenly Flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the Pain, the Bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
And let me languish into Life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit come away,
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The World recedes, it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my *Eyes*! my Ears
 With Sounds *seraphic* ring:
 Lend, lend your *Wings*! I mount, I fly!
 O *Grave*! where is thy Victory?
 O *Death*! where is thy sting?

On H E A V E N.

HEAVEN! that World of Bliss, that Region of Light and Happiness, O! what Pencil can sketch out a Draught of that goodly Land? What Tongue can express the incomparable Splendor of Christ's Kingdom? Would some kind celestial Hand draw aside the Veil, but for a Moment, and permit us to cast but a single Glance on those divine Abodes; how dull and insipid would the Possessions of this World instantly appear? The Garden of Paradise itself, after such a Sight, would appear as a lonely Desert, and all earthly Charms as a World of Pain. Very excellent Things are spoken of thee, thou City of God. Volumes have been written to display the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and splendid in this visible Creation has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Minds. But alas! no Tongue can utter, no Pen can describe, no Fancy can imagine what God, of his unbounded Goodness, has prepared for them that love him. — Seeing then, that all earthly Things must soon come to an End; and there remaineth

maineth such a Rest, such a blisful and everlasting Rest for the People of God ; let me never be too fondly attached to any present Satisfaction. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a perfect Indifference for all such transitory Enjoyments, but may I long, earnestly long for the Mansions that are above, the Paradise which the Lord hath planted, and not Man. Thither may I transmit the Chief of my Conversation, and there expect the Whole of my Happiness.

ORIGINAL PIECES.

A MORNING SONG.

Being an Imitation in Metre of Milton's Morning Hymn.

1. **P**ARENT of Good! Almighty God!
 The purest Light is thine Abode ;
 This universal Frame is thine,
 And speaks thy Skill, and Power divine.
2. How rich thy Bounties, LORD, are spread ?
 Where'er we gaze, where'er we tread,
 Thy varied Works all wondrous are,
 Thyself how much more wondrous fair ?

3. Ye Angels speak, pure Sons of Light,
For Him ye see Day without Night,
Circling his Throne, with Joy ye raise
Your Voice harmonious to his Praise.
4. All ye in Heaven, on Earth join all,
And in your loftiest Strains extol
Him first, him last, and without End :
Whose Greatness none can comprehend.
5. Ye Stars that fix'd the Heavens adorn,
And ye that usher in the Morn,
Ye wand'ring Fires, where'er ye rove,
Proclaim that Power by which ye move.
6. Thou Sun, both Eye and quick'ning Soul
Of this great World from Pole to Pole,
Thy greater Maker chearful praise,
Who gave thee all thy golden Rays.
7. Him praise, whilst climbing in thy Might,
And when thou gain'st thy Noon-tide Height ;
When sinking in thy wat'ry Bed,
O'er gilded Waves his Glories spread.
8. Best Emblem of that Infinite,
Who out of Darknefs call'd up Light ;
Who in his Bounty ceaseless flows,
To bless his Friends, to cheer his Foes.
9. Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun,
And now his nearer Beams dost shun,

Praise

Praise him who all thy Wand'rings guides,
And bade thee rule the swelling Tides.

10. Ye Elements, his Praise display,
 Whilst ye his Influence wide convey;
 Let Nature in her changing Round
 By you his Honours high resound.
11. Him praise Air, Meteors, Vapours all,
 That now in Show'rs most fruitful fall;
 Now painted by the Hand divine,
 In Clouds of Gold all beauteous shine.
12. Ye Winds, in Whispers speak his Praise,
 And when in Storms your Voice ye raise;
 Ye Plants, ye Pines of lofty Brow,
 Your Heads in Sign of Rev'rence bow.
13. Ye Fountains, warbling as ye flow,
 In Murmurs pay the Debt you owe;
 Bear on your Wings, ye Birds, his Praise,
 And mounting sing your sweetest Lays.
14. Fishes, that gliding cut the Seas,
 And ye whom Earth doth better please,
 Who lowly creep, or stately tread,
 Your Maker's Honours joyous spread.
15. Ye *Chief*, for whom Earth teeming smiles;
 And Heaven with choicest Gifts distills;
 Ye *Head* on this terrestrial Ball,
 " Crown the great Hymn," be Tongue for all.

16. *Man*,

16. *Man*, raise thy Voice above the rest,
 Let Gratitude inspire thy Breast ;
 Thy Heart and Voice each Morning raise
 To sing thy Maker's matchless Praise.
-

The LORD'S PRAYER in Verse.

FATHER of all ! thou GOD alone ;
 In Heaven is plac'd thy lofty Throne.
 Thy sacred Name revered be
 By ev'ry Heart, and Tongue, and Knee.
 On *Adam's* Sons thy Spirit shed,
 Thus thro' the World thy Kingdom spread.
 May Men on Earth obey thy Will
 As chearful Angels it fulfil.
 To us our daily Bread impart,
 And with our Bread the thankful Heart.
 Our Sins forgive ; and may we learn
 Like thee to pardon in our Turn.
 Let no Temptation us o'ertake,
 And ev'ry Sin may we forsake.
 Our pow'ful Guardian always prove,
 And threat'ning Evil far remove.
 The Kingdom, Glory, and the Power
 Are thine both now and ever more.

The SOARING LARK.

PRETTY, flutt'ring, tuneful Bird,
 Morning's Herald, thou art heard

Waiting

Waiting when the God of Day
 Shall ascend his Heavenly Way :
 Ere he gilds the Mountain's Top,
 Darting feebler Beams aslope,
 Thou, ambitious, prun'st thy Wing,
 Thus prepar'd thy Song to sing ;
 To thy Maker's lofty Praise,
 Who the feather'd Tribe arrays,
 And inspires their warbling Throats,
 With Ten Thousand different Notes :
 Soaring high thou dost prolong,
 With swelling Throat, thy matin Song ;
 'Till thou'rt lost to human Sight,
 In thy steady arduous Flight :
 Mounting still thou art not tir'd,
 Nearest Heaven art most inspir'd,
 As tho' longing to be one
 Of the Host around the Throne,
 Who in singing never tire,
 Whil'st they strike th' immortal Lyre.
 Pretty Bird thy Song must end,
 Thou to Earth again descend ;
 Singing still thy very best,
 Down thou droppest to thy Nest.
 Tuneful Bird, to be like thee,
 My Ambition it shall be ;
 With each Grace, within possess,
 Low, like thee, I'd build my Nest :
 Where to sink, and how to rise,
 Thou my Pattern shalt advise.

* *The fading Rose : Or, Sylvia instructed.*

L OVELY, blushing, prickly Rose,
 Emblem just of human Woes ;
 Emblem too of all the Joys,
 That our Sorrows counterpoise.
 Thou with Thorn encompass art,
 Such the Joys of human Heart.
 Short thy Beauty, drest so fine,
 Fully blown thou dost decline.
 Mine's the Beauty of an Hour,
 Like to thine, thou fading Flower.
 Man impatient, will not stop,
 Thee, but opening, he will crop.
 Canker, Snails, and clatt'ring Hail,
 Spite of Charms will oft prevail.
 Foes like these, should'st thou escape,
 Time is sure to spoil thy Shape.
 In thy Prime I saw thee last,
 Now I see thy Beauty past :
 Thou who wert so fresh, so gay,
 Wilt not see thy Yesterday.
 What To-morrow thou shalt be,
 I shall never care to see.
 From thy Fate I'll strive to learn
 What may to Advantage turn :
 Youth and Beauty will decay ;
 Time and Death soon call away.

* Published in Martin's Magazine.

Charms

Charms enduring I will seek,
 Which outvie the rosy Cheek.
 Charms which all internal are,
 Charms which make e'en Old-age fair.
 Virtue, drest by Heav'n-born Truth,
 Blooms and smiles in endless Youth.

Waking out of a frightful Dream.

WHERE am I now ? my Head turns round—
 This sure can never be the Ground—
 Do I still breathe ? or am I dead ?
 Or do I dream ? Is this my Bed ?
 Methinks 'tis so—but I'm not sure—
 Oh here's my Pillow !—I'm secure—
 Just now it did all real seem,
 This Minute tells me 'tis a Dream :
 The dreadful Precipice is gone,
 Which I so lately hung upon ;
 With aching Heart and tott'ring Feet,
 Seeking in vain for a Retreat :
 When down I slipt, with all my Care,
 And headlong fell thro' yielding Air ;
 Thinking next Moment to be crush'd,
 I wak'd, and thus my Fears were hush'd.
 Instead of fractur'd Skull I find
 I'm where my Head last Night reclin'd.
 How came this Dream into my Head ?
 Perhaps I've lain too long in Bed,

S

And

And should have slept away the Light,
 Had it not been for this fore Fright.
 'Tis plainly so—I see the Sun
 Already has his Race begun;
 Diffusing, with his golden Rays,
 His great Creator's lofty Praise.
 Shake off your Sleep, my drowsy Eyes,
 Begin thy Race, bright *Phæbus* cries;
 Me, in my Course, unwearied see;
 Rise, sluggish Man, and follow me;
 For Sleep my Light was never given,
 But to mark out your Road to Heaven.

Advice to obscene Writers on Glafs.

WITH Rhymes obscene no more the Glafs
 pollute,
 Nor make the guiltless Gem turn Prostitute.
 On the pure Glafs fair Virtue's Precepts write;
 So shall the Di'mond shine with heavenly Light.

*A Paraphrase on the seven first Verses of the Prophecy
 of Nahum.*

Published in the New Universal Magazine, for Oct. 1752.

LONG had proud * *Nimrod's* stately City stood,
 Increas'd by Spoil, and stain'd with human
 Blood.

* Nineveh,

Long

Long had just Heaven observ'd her crying Guilt,
 And measur'd o'er the Blood which she had spilt,
 When, sent from God, *Nabum* the Prophet goes,
 And tells the City her impending Woes.

Arm'd with just Vengeance, see the jealous God,
 With angry Looks assume his Iron Rod,
 Resolv'd to punish his rebellious Foes,
 And strike their stubborn Hearts with piercing Woes,
 Vengeance, tho' slow, awakes to give the Blow,
 Which falls the heavier as it comes more slow.
 Th' eternal King 'tis Madness to defy,
 Of humble Souls he'll only hear the Cry.
 Almighty Power detains the Rebel Worm,
 And fiery Vengeance chides the lagging Storm.

When lo! th' Almighty mounts the angry Skies,
 Wrapp'd in a Whirl-wind he impetuous flies;
 Tempests and Storms obey his powerful Nod,
 And Clouds are Dust beneath the Feet of God.
 At his Rebuke the Ocean sinks his Head,
 Rivers and Seas leave but an empty Bed:
 Depriv'd at once of their late copious Store,
 The parched Basins gape from Shore to Shore.
Babban, for Oaks renown'd, and lowing Herds,
 Smitten by Heaven, a doleful Scene affords:
 The forked Light'nings rend the knotted Oak,
 And groaning Beasts expire beneath the Stroke;
 Fair *Lebanon*, whose Cedars long had stood
 Th' unrivall'd Glory of the nodding Wood,
 Mourns a like Fate: —————

From their deep Roots the lofty Trunks are torn,
 And thro' the Air to distant Hills are borne.
 The flow'ry *Carmel*, drest in vernal Bloom,
 O'er Hills, thro' Vales, diffusing sweet Perfume ;
 Opening new Beauties to the solar Ray,
 Receives the Shock, and languishes away.
 Look how th' affrighted Mountains reel and quake !
 The Hills dissolve and form a fiery Lake :
 His Presence sets the distant Poles on Fire,
 And Earth and Heavens in Smoke and Flames ex-
 pire.

Say then, what Mortal can abide his Rage,
 Or who can with incensed Wrath engage ?
 In fiery Streams his Fury makes its Way,
 Bursts the firm Rocks and rolls them in the Sea.
 These are the Terrors of my GOD—But hold—
 A brighter Scene I hasten to unfold.
 Vengeance awaits the guilty Wretch alone ;
 The Pious need not dread the awful Throne :
 Goodness in all its gentle Forms appears,
 To prompt their Hopes and banish all their Fears.
 God knows the Just, and will be the Defence
 Of those that trust in his Omnipotence ;
 In Times of greatest Danger they shall find
 A Father, Friend, and Judge supremely kind.

The SONG of MOSES.

1. **W**HAT Joy possessest the chosen Seed !
 From *Egypt's* cruel Bondage freed,
 And Terrors of the Main ;

Secure

Secure they stand upon the Shore,
Since *Pharaoh's* Hosts are now no more,
And all their Threat'nings vain.

2. Wonder and Love their Breasts inspire,
Whilst *Moses* leads the holy Choir,
A lofty Song to raise :
The Matrons and the Virgins too,
Like pious Zeal and Duty shew,
And tune their Harps to Praise.

3. I'll sing, the glorious Leader cries,
The Wonders done before our Eyes,
Nor longer Silence keep :
God is my Strength, and he my Song ;
Repeat his mighty Acts, my Tongue,
His Wonders in the Deep.

4. He is our God, our Father's God,
For him we'll find a fit Abode.
All Idols we disclaim.
Exalt the Lord, the God of War,
Who can with him in Arms compare ?
JEHOVAH is his Name !

5. Proud *Pharaoh's* Chariots, and his Host,
The haughty Monarch's Joy and Boast,
He cast beneath the Wave :
His chosen Captains too are drown'd,
For great Exploits of War renown'd ;
Nor could their Courage save.

6. The

6. The Depths incens'd soon stopt the Chace,
And cover'd o'er the cruel Race,
In their full Thirst of Blood :
They fell, they sank, as doth the Stone,
Which to the Bottom hastens down,
Amid the yielding Flood.
7. Thy Right-Hand, LORD, for Vengeance rais'd,
The Sons of *Egypt*, fore amaz'd,
And spread thy Glories far :
Thy strong Right-Hand with dreadful Blow,
In Pieces dash'd th' insulting Foe,
'That dar'd the watry War.
8. In vain the Rebels seek to fly,
In vain they to their Idols cry,
No Arm had they to save :
Not sooner, by some rapid Fire,
The Chaff is burnt, than they expire,
Amid their watry Grave.
9. Thou, LORD, didst blow, and at thy Blast
The mighty Deep was cleft in Haste,
The Waves like Mountains rise ;
The rolling Floods now cease to flow,
Congeal'd like Rocks of Ice and Snow,
Beneath the northern Skies.
10. I will pursue, I'll overtake,
The cruel Foe presumptuous spake ;
The Spoil I will divide :

Deep

Deep will I drench my Sword in Blood,
 'Till, having dy'd the briny Flood,
 My Lust is satisfy'd.

11. Then didst thou make thy Wind to blow,
 Command thy Floods their Place to know,
 And fill the gaping Void :
 Thy Foes o'erwhelm'd, like pond'rous Lead,
 Down sank to Ocean's deepest Bed,
 In watry Death destroy'd.
12. What God of those who bear the Name,
 Can the loud Voice of boasting Fame
 To equal Honours raise ?
 How glorious is thy Holiness !
 What Tongue thy Wonders can express,
 And shew thy awful Praise !
13. Thy chosen Sons from Slav'ry freed,
 Thine Arm of Power did safely lead
 In Paths cut through the Flood :
 The Nations at thy Wonders gaz'd,
 The Sons of *Moab* were amaz'd,
 And *Edom* trembling stood.
14. Thy Hand, O LORD, and special Grace,
 Shall safe conduct the fav'rite Race
 To *Canaan's* promis'd Rest :
Jordan shall backward roll his Tide,
 And like th' *Egyptian* Sea divide,
 To make thy Power confest.

15. The

15. The Foes of *Israel* on their Shore,
 Shall see the Tribes, thy Tribes pass o'er,
 All silent as a Stone :
 Well may their Hears dissolve with Fear
 When *Israel's* mighty God is near,
 The God by Vengeance known.
16. Thou shalt reward thy People's Toil,
 Shalt plant them in a fruitful Soil ;
 And high their Honours raise :
 To *Sion's* Hill they shall repair,
 Thy sacred Dwelling shall be there,
 And thence shall sound thy Praise.
17. Sing, *Israel*, sing, thou echoing Shore,
 Repeat proud *Pharaoh* is no more :
 The LORD his Throne maintains :
 The Chariots and the Horse-Men too,
 Our God in Triumph overthrew,
 The LORD for ever reigns.

F I N I S.



Errata—Page 33, line 12, for *sing* read *sung*.—Page 72, line 18, for *breath* read *breathe*.

